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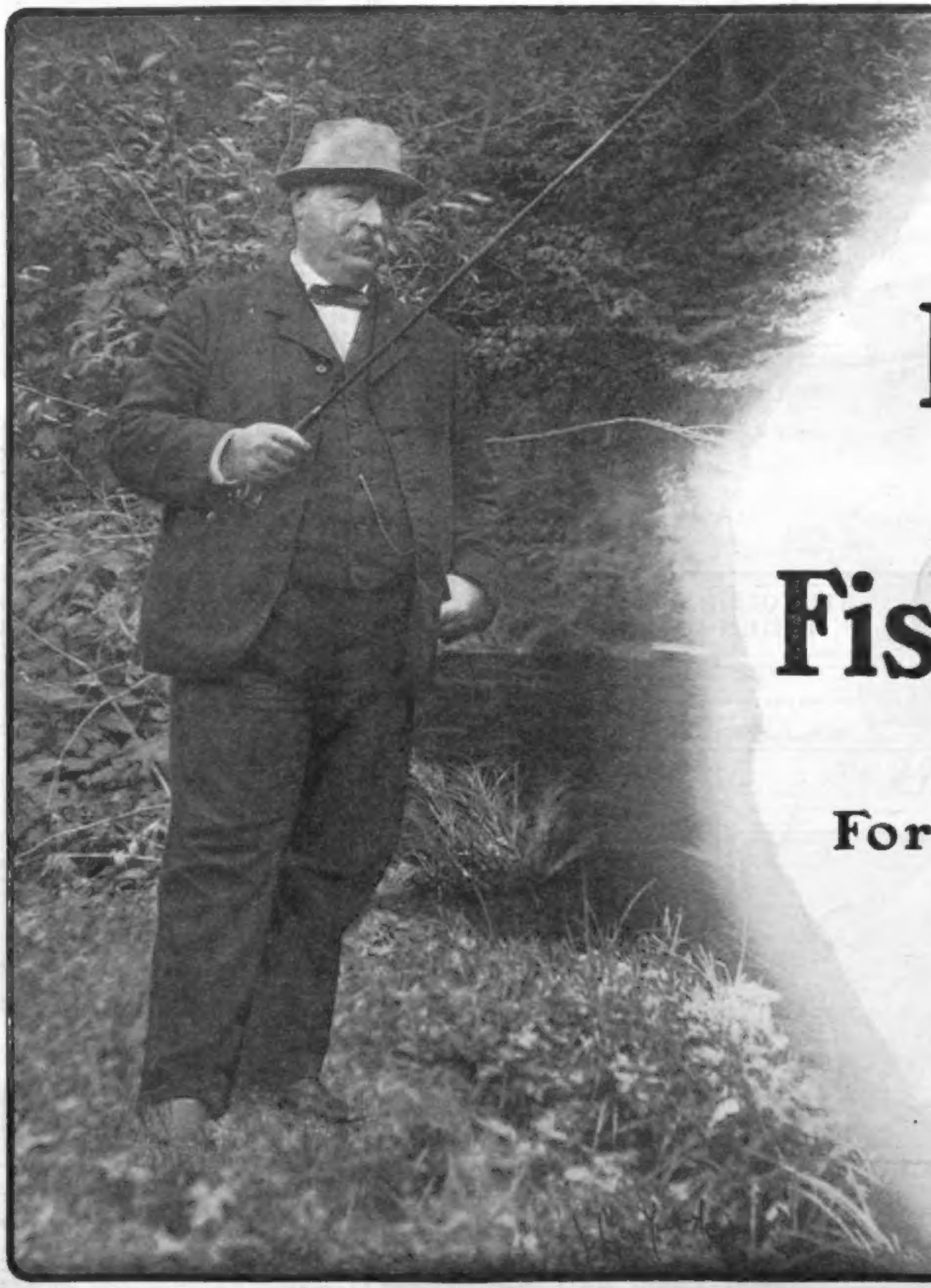

A Defense of Fishermen

By

Former President

Grover Cleveland

The Curtis Publishing Company Philadelphia

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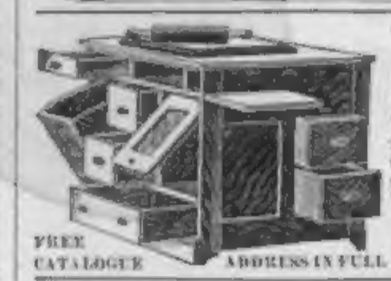

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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A Defense of Fishermen—By Grover Cleveland

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FROM A PHOTO. BY MISS ELSIE VAN CLIEF

BY WAY of introduction and explanation, it should be said that there is no intention at this time to deal with those who fish for a livelihood. Those sturdy and hard-working people need no vindication or defense. Our concern is with those who fish because they have an occult and mysterious instinct which leads them to love it, because they court the healthful, invigorating exertion it invites, and because its indulgence brings them in close contact and communion with Nature's best and most elevating manifestations. This sort of fishing is pleasure and not work—sport and not money-grabbing. Therefore it is contemptuously regarded in certain quarters as no better than a waste of time. Generous fishermen cannot fail to look with pity upon the benighted persons who have no better conception than this of the uses and beneficent objects of rational diversion. In these sad and ominous days of mad fortune-chasing, every patriotic, thoughtful citizen, whether he fishes or not, should lament that we have not among our countrymen more fishermen. There can be no doubt that the promise of industrial peace, of contented labor and of healthful moderation in the pursuit of wealth, in this democratic country of ours, would be infinitely improved if a large share of the time which has been devoted to the concoction of trust and business combinations had been spent in fishing.

The narrow and ill-conditioned people who snarlingly count all fishermen as belonging to the lazy and good-for-nothing class, and who take satisfaction in describing an angler's outfit as a contrivance with a hook at one end and a fool at the other, have been so thoroughly discredited that no one could wish for their more irredeemable submersion. Statesmen, judges, clergymen, lawyers and doctors, as well as thousands of other outspoken members of the fishing fraternity, have so effectively given the lie to these revilers of an honest and conscientious brotherhood that they are glad to find refuge in ignominious silence.

Notwithstanding this, weak, piping voices are still occasionally heard accusing fishermen of certain shortcomings and faults. These are so unsubstantial and unimportant that, as against the high place in the world's esteem claimed by those who love to fish, they might well be regarded as non-essentials, or, in a phrase of the day, as mere matters of detail. But, although it may be true that these charges are unworthy of notice, it cannot be expected that fishermen, proud of the name, will be amiably willing to permit those making such accusations the satisfaction of remaining unchallenged.

The Hangers-on of the Fraternity

At the outset, the fact should be recognized that the community of fishermen constitute a separate class or a sub-race among the inhabitants of the earth. It has sometimes been said that fishermen are born and not made. This is true to the extent that nothing can supply the lack of certain inherent, constitutional and inborn qualities or traits which are absolutely necessary to a fisherman's make-up. Of course there are many who call themselves fishermen and who insist upon their membership in the fraternity who have not in their veins a drop of legitimate fisherman blood. Their self-asserted relationship is nevertheless sometimes seized upon by malicious or ignorant critics as permitting the assumption that the weaknesses and sins of these pretenders are the weaknesses and sins of genuine fishermen; but in truth they are only interlopers who have learned a little fish language, who love to fish only "when they bite," who whine at bad luck, who betray incredulity when they hear a rousing fish story, and who do or leave undone many other things fatal to good and regular standing. They are like certain whites called squaw-men, who hang about Indian reservations, and gain certain advantages in the tribes by marrying full-blooded Indian women. Surely no just person would for a moment suppose that genuine Indians could be treated fairly by measuring them according to a squaw-man standard. Neither can genuine fishermen be fairly treated by judging them according to the standards presented by squaw-fishermen.

Why Fish Stories Should be Believed

In point of fact, full-blooded fishermen whose title is clear, and whose natural qualifications are undisputed, have ideas, habits of thought and mental tendencies so peculiarly and especially their own, and their beliefs and code of ethics are so exclusively fitted to their needs and surroundings, that an attempt on the part of strangers to speak or write concerning the character or conduct of its approved membership savors of impudent presumption. None but fishermen can properly deal with these delicate matters.

What sense is there in the charge of laziness sometimes made against true fishermen? Laziness has no place in the constitution of a man who starts at sunrise and tramps all day with only a sandwich to eat, floundering through bushes and briers and stumbling over rocks or wading streams in pursuit of elusive trout. Neither can a fisherman who, with rod in hand, sits in a boat or on a bank all day be called lazy—provided he attends to his fishing and is physically and mentally alert in his occupation. This charge may perhaps be truthfully made against squaw-fishermen who become easily discouraged, who "tire and faint" early, and lie down under the shade to sleep, or go in swimming, or who gaze about or read a book while their hooks rest baitless on the bottom; but how false and unfair it is to accuse regular, full-blooded fishermen of laziness, based on such performances as these! And yet this is absurdly done by those who cannot tell a reel from a compass, and who by way of familiarizing themselves with their topic leave their beds at eight o'clock in the morning, ride to an office at ten, sit at a desk until three or perhaps five, with an hour's interval for a hearty luncheon, and go home in the proud belief that they have done an active, hard day's work. Fishermen find no fault with what they do in their own affairs, nor with their conception of work; but they do insist that such people have no right to impute laziness to those who fish.

It is sometimes said that there is such close relationship between mendacity and fishing, that in matters connected with their craft all fishermen are untruthful. It must, of course, be admitted that large stories of fishing adventure are sometimes told by fishermen—and why should this not be so? Beyond all question there is no sphere of human activity so full of strange and wonderful incidents as theirs. Fish are constantly doing the most mysterious and startling things; and no one has yet been wise enough to explain their ways or account for their conduct. The best fishermen do not attempt it; they move and strive in the atmosphere of mystery and uncertainty, constantly aiming to reach results without a clue, and through the cultivation of faculties non-existent or inoperative in the common mind. In these circumstances fishermen necessarily see and do wonderful things. If those not members of the brotherhood are unable to assimilate the recital of these wonders, it is because their believing apparatus has not been properly regulated and stimulated. Such disability falls very far short of justifying doubt as to the truth of the narration. The things narrated have been seen and experienced with a fisherman's eyes and perceptions. This is perfectly understood by listening fishermen; and they, to their enjoyment and edification, are permitted to believe what they hear.

This faculty is one of the safest signs of full-blooded right to membership. If incredulity is intimated by a professed member no injustice will be done if he is at once put under suspicion as a squaw-fisherman. As to non-members who accuse true fishermen of falsehood, it is perfectly clear that they are utterly unfitted to deal with the subject. Upon this theory any story of personal experience told by a fisherman is to the fishing apprehension indubitably true; and, since disbelief in other quarters is owing to the lack of this apprehension, the folly of accusing fishermen of habitual untruthfulness is quite apparent.

The Taking of Leviathan

The position thus taken by the brotherhood requires that they stand solidly together in all circumstances. Tarpon fishing has added greatly to our responsibilities. Even larger fish than these may, with the extension of American possessions, fall within the treatment of American fishermen. As in all past emergencies, we shall be found sufficient in such future exigencies. All will go well if, without a pretense of benevolent assimilation, we still fish as is our wont, and continue our belief in

FROM A PHOTO. BY MISS ELSIE VAN CLIEF

Neither can a fisherman who, with rod in hand, sits on a bank all day be called lazy

all our brethren declare they have done or can do. A few thousand years ago the question was impressively asked, "Canst thou draw out leviathan with a hook?" We must not falter if, upon its repetition in the future, a brother replies: "Yes, with a ten-ounce rod;" nor even if another declares he has already landed one of these monsters. If American institutions are found adequate to the new tasks which Destiny has put upon them in the extension of our lands, the American Chapter of the world's fishermen must not fail to subdue by their time-honored methods and practices, and by continued truthfulness in narration of adventure, any new difficulties presented by the extension of our waters.

Why the Biggest Fish are Always Lost

Before leaving this branch of our subject, especial reference should be made to one item more conspicuous, perhaps, than any other, among those comprised in the general charge of fishermen's mendacity. It is constantly said that they greatly exaggerate the size of the fish that are lost. This accusation, though most frequently and flippantly made, is in point of fact based upon the most absurd arrogance and a love of slanderous assertion that passes understanding. These are harsh words; but they are abundantly justified.

In the first place, all the presumptions are with the fisherman's contention. It is perfectly plain that large fish are more apt to escape than small ones. Their weight and activity, combined with the increased trickiness and resourcefulness of age and experience, of course, greatly increase their ability to tear out the hook, and enhance the danger that their antics will expose a fatal weakness in hook, leader, line or rod. Another presumption which must be regretfully mentioned arises from the fact that in many cases it is the encounter with a large fish which causes such excitement, and such distraction or perversion of judgment, as leads the fisherman to do the wrong thing or fail to do the right thing at the critical instant—thus actually and effectively contributing to an escape which could not and would not have occurred except in favor of a large fish.

Beyond these presumptions we have the deliberate and simple story of the fisherman himself, giving with the utmost sincerity all the details of his misfortune, and indicating the length of the fish he has lost, or giving in pounds his exact weight. Now why should this statement be discredited? It is made by one who struggled with the escaped fish. Perhaps he saw it. This, however, is not important, for he certainly felt it on his rod, and he knows precisely how his rod behaves in the emergency of every conceivable strain.

The Finny Hypnotist

All true fishermen who listen to his plain, unvarnished tale accept with absolute faith the declared length and weight of the fish that was almost caught; and with every presumption, besides positive statement, against them, carping outsiders who cannot fish, and who love to accuse fishermen of lying, are exposed in an attempt to originate or perpetuate an envious and malicious libel.

The case of our fraternity on this point of absolute and exact truthfulness is capable of such irrefragable demonstration that anything in the way of confession and avoidance ought to be considered inadmissible. And yet simply for the sake of argument, or by way of curious speculation, it may be interesting to intimate how a variation of a few inches in the exact length or a few ounces in the exact weight of a lost fish, as given by the loser, may be accounted for, without attributing to him intentional falsehood. The theory has been recently started that a trained hunting dog points a bird in the field solely because the bird's scent creates a hypnotic influence on the dog which impels him by a sort of suggestion to direct his nose toward the spot from which such scent emanates. If there is anything worth considering in this theory why may not a struggling fish at the end of a line exert such a hypnotic influence on the intensely excited and receptive nature at the other extremity of the fishing outfit as to suggest an arbitrary and independent statement of the dimensions of the hypnotizer?

With the accusations already mentioned it would certainly seem that the enmity of those who revile fishermen and their ways should be satisfied. They have not been content, however, in the demonstration of their evil-mindedness without adding to their indictment against the brotherhood the charge of profanity. Of course, they have not the hardihood to allege that our profanity is of that habitual and low sort which characterizes the coarse and ill-bred, who offend all decent people by constantly interlarding their speech with fearful and irrelevant oaths. They, nevertheless, find sufficient excuse for their accusation in the sudden ejaculations, outwardly resembling profanity, which are occasionally wrung from fishermen in trying crises and in moments of soul-straining unkindness of Fate.

Now this question of profanity is largely one of intention and deliberation. The man who, intending what he says, coolly indulges in imprecation, is guilty of an offense that admits of no excuse or extenuation; but a fisherman can hardly be called profane who, when overtaken without warning by disaster, and abruptly hurled from the exhilarating heights of delightful anticipation to the depths of dire disappointment, impulsively gives vent to his pent-up emotion by the use of a word which, though found in the list of oaths, is spoken without intentional imprecation and because nothing else seems to suit the occasion. It is by no means to be admitted that fishing tends even to this semblance of profanity. On the contrary, it imposes a self-restraint and patient forbearance upon its advanced devotees which tend to prevent sudden outbursts of feeling.

It must in frankness be admitted, however, by fishermen of every degree, that when the largest trout of the day winds the leader about a snag and escapes after a long struggle, or when a large salmon or bass, apparently fatigued to the point of non-resistance, suddenly, by an unexpected and vicious leap, frees himself from the hook, the fisherman's code of morals will not condemn beyond forgiveness the holder of the straightened rod if he impulsively, but with all the gentility at his command, exclaims: "Damn that fish!" It is probably better not to speak at all; but if strong words are to be used perhaps these will serve as well as any that can do justice to the occasion.

Uncle Toby, overcome with tender sympathy, swore with an unctious, rotund oath, that his sick friend should not die; and we are told that "the accusing spirit which flew up to Heaven's chancery with the oath blushed as he gave it in; and the recording angel as he wrote it down dropped a tear upon the word and blotted it out forever."

It is probably better not to speak at all

The defense of the fishing fraternity which has been here attempted is by no means as completely stated as it should be. Nor should the world be allowed to overlook the admirable affirmative qualities which exist among genuine members of the brotherhood, and the useful traits which an indulgence in the gentle art cultivates and fosters. A recital of these, with a description of the personal peculiarities found in the ranks of fishermen and the influence of these peculiarities on success or failure, are necessary to a thorough vindication of those who worthily illustrate the virtues of our clan.

Landing a Record Bass

MR. J. FRANK LAWRENCE, a leading capitalist of Chicago, who has made the study of game fish and their proper protection a life-work, holds the American record for having landed the largest small-mouthed bass. His historic catch was made in Green Lake, Wisconsin, on the morning of October 26, 1899. This achievement is told by him as follows:

The day was ideal for fishing and I had two lines out to a length of one hundred feet—one in my hand, the other attached to the boat, which was rowed by as good a boatman as ever drew an oar. My seat was so arranged that I could command a view of both my lines. The hooks were baited with live minnows. Suddenly the rod in my hand gave a swift bend—the kind of a quiver that shoots a thrill through the heart of the real sportsman.

Ordinarily when a fisherman hooks a good bass there is opportunity for him to show his judgment and skill in playing his catch. That comes in just after the fish has taken the bait—a moment of hesitation, as it were. But this time I was given no chance of that kind. My victim simply marched from the moment he took hold, without an instant's relaxation. Peculiarities of his manœuvres made me think, for a few moments, that I had hooked a large and unusually gamy pickerel. Then came the strike, the leap into the air—and my boatman yelled: "He's a bass, and a whopper!"

Carefully I worked him alongside, only to see him escape the landing-net and again make for deep water. All the arts of piscatorial diplomacy were required to get him back again. He put up a splendid fight; but care and decision finally placed him in the bottom of the boat. Instantly I saw that he was a king of his kind and deserved mounting. The boatman was about to throw him into the box with the others, but I stopped this, fearing he would be mutilated. By agreeing to pay the boatman for his coat I induced him to part with it, that I might use it as a wrapping. On reaching shore I had the fish weighed. He tipped the scales at seven pounds and six ounces. Next morning he was carried to the village drug store and weighed in the presence of witnesses. He had shrunk to seven pounds two and one-half ounces. After mounting he was viewed by thousands of persons in Chicago's largest sporting-goods store. Later I received a handsome prize for having landed the largest small-mouthed bass on record.

My most heart-breaking experience as a fisherman was in association with Mr. Roswell Miller, formerly President and now Chairman of the Board of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway. It was in Little John's Lake, Wisconsin. Mr. Miller frankly confessed himself a novice in fishing, but I had been for sixteen years a devoted disciple of Walton. When I landed a twenty-seven pound muskellonge I thought my laurels were secure. Imagine my feelings when Mr. Miller hauled out a monster one that weighed thirty-four and one-half pounds, and made my catch look tame and commonplace!

My prize day's fishing was had in Rice Lake, Wisconsin, in company with Mr. James Downey, Chicago's former Commissioner of Public Works. We landed twenty-one muskellonge, and all big ones, too. In the old days in Gogebic Lake, with a companion, I took one hundred and sixty-three good black bass in a day. That was fishing!

Real sportsmen will willingly obey the laws and seek to promote the protection of game fish against wanton destruction. Most of this comes from pot fishers and those who lack the sportsman's instincts.

The Business Side of a University

By William R. Harper, President of the University of Chicago

PART II

THE investments of a large institution constitute one of its most serious responsibilities. The ordinary risks may not be incurred. Every step taken must at all events be supposed at the time to be perfectly secure. This naturally increases the amount and the responsibility of the work. A large university will have from five to fifteen millions of dollars of endowment funds invested in various forms. A portion of this will be in real estate which must be kept in repair, on which taxes are to be paid, and from which rents will be collected. City business property is regarded with special favor as fulfilling in a satisfactory way the most rigid demands imposed by the nature of the trust; but residence property will in all probability form a large factor in the situation; and the university is thus brought into contact as landlord with perhaps hundreds of tenants.

Other desirable forms of investment, besides fees and mortgages, are, of course, bonds, particularly railroad bonds (when they are sufficiently protected), and stocks, especially when gifts are paid in this form, for ordinarily a board of trustees will hesitate to buy stocks. The business of a university, with eight or ten millions of dollars which continually require to be reinvested, is therefore equivalent to the work of two or three large banks, and the strictly banking part of the business transactions thus involved is not inconsiderable. This business is also a real-estate business of no small magnitude, with its purchases and sale of property and its dealings with tenants.

There remain to be considered, among the other classes of those with whom the university deals in a business way, the large number of persons ordinarily known as patrons. It may be suggested that this relationship is one of philanthropy rather than one of business. Those, however, who are acquainted with the relation in its details understand that it is, after all, a strictly business matter. Men and women contribute to the funds of an institution only when they have satisfied themselves that its affairs are managed in a strictly business manner. Their gifts are made on certain conditions which they expect to be carried out in a legal way. It is generally supposed that in large institutions much effort and time are spent in securing contributions. In special cases and under special circumstances such effort is sometimes made, but in general the money which such an institution receives in the form of gifts comes without solicitation. It is safe to assert that in the case of ninety per cent. of the money given to a large institution, the initiative is taken by the donor, and not by the university concerned. It is surely a matter of business, in so far as the university undertakes to carry out in detail certain conditions imposed. These conditions sometimes involve annuities, and the university for the time being undertakes the work of an insurance company. At other times they take the form of a trust, the property being committed to the university with the understanding that all or certain portions of its income shall be given to certain persons during life. In these cases the university assumes the responsibility and duties of a trust company. The relationship, therefore, in many cases becomes a business one.

The Duties of University Business Men

The university has different agencies for the transaction of its business. It is first of all the function of the trustees to control and manage the business affairs of the institution. The faculties of the institution are given power to conduct the educational side of the work subject to certain general regulations imposed by the trustees. In general trustees act only on those matters which involve the expenditure of money, but this, of course, includes appointments on the staff of instruction. The statutes of a large university, enacted by the trustees, take up those questions which involve money matters as well as the general organization of the institution.

The president of the board of trustees is in many of the larger institutions also the president of the university, and as such acts as chief executive officer in business as well as in educational matters. In other institutions the president of the board is a man selected for his good business discretion, and he devotes himself in large measure to the material interests of the institution. His judgment has great weight in the determination of all matters of a business character. The treasurer of the university is in some cases the business manager. In others he acts only as custodian of all funds. In the latter case he is generally the chairman of the finance committee. To the business manager or the treasurer is committed the general oversight of the university business. It is he who superintends the management of buildings and grounds, who takes the initiative in presenting investments for consideration, who looks after the property and property interests of the institution. The treasurer or business manager of a large institution has greater and more varied responsibility resting upon him than has the president of even a large bank.

Besides the business manager, the university will have a registrar, or bursar, who receives fees, rents rooms in the halls, and collects bills for board; a director for the management of its printing and publishing; directors also for the museum work, the library and the various laboratories, each of which has its business side; purchasing agents in various departments, or officers authorized to make purchases.

An auditor or chief accountant will have charge of the university accounts and audit all expenditures. The staff of accountants in such an institution is as large as that of a great business concern, and its stenographic force will in all probability be much larger. The force of janitors and servants already referred to completes the list of agencies for the execution of the business or material side of the work.

The president, in addition to his educational duties, is expected to negotiate contracts with the members of the teaching staff; to look after the expenditures in the various departments, and to see that they do not exceed the appropriations; to serve on those committees of the trustees that have to do with the buildings, grounds and investments; to take the necessary steps which will lead to the voluntary contribution of funds to the university by its patrons. Though generally relieved from direct contact with employees, janitors, and servants, he must be sufficiently familiar with the situation in each case to know that the work is being performed satisfactorily and at not too great a cost, to harmonize different opinions in respect to the form and character of buildings to be erected, and to consider departmental requests for expenditures of various kinds.

Conservatism in College Business

If we ask what principles in general guide and control in the administration of the business affairs of a large university there would be found, of course, much variation in the opinions expressed. But, in general, I think those who have had experience in this field of business would agree to the following propositions:

First: The business affairs of a great institution should be conducted not for the sake of increasing the business, but in a manner wholly subservient to the best interests of the educational work which has been undertaken. To this end every dollar possible, consistent with good business prudence, will be expended for educational purposes, and every dollar possible will be saved from the expenditures involved in the administration of the business affairs. In other words, the successful business management is not in itself an end but merely a means for providing facilities of an educational character.

Second: The business affairs of a large institution are of the nature of a public trust and consequently differ essentially from the business affairs of a company or an individual. It follows that no risk of any kind may be incurred. Speculation with university funds is criminal. A transaction which would be perfectly proper, and from a business point of view satisfactory, for an individual, may be utterly lacking in those characteristics which should secure its approval by the board of trustees of a university. It is probable that no business management in the world is more conservative than that of the large institutions of learning. It is also probable that in no other business concerns has the percentage of loss on investments or from dishonesty been so small.

Third: The trusteeship of a university, although involving the greatest possible responsibility and demanding work in large amount and of high character, must be a voluntary service. The president of the university should be the only salaried officer among the trustees; an exception will be made in case of the treasurer if he is at the same time business manager. It may not be claimed that such voluntary service is difficult to secure. The honor and satisfaction of connection with a work of such character will be found sufficient to satisfy men of the highest ability.

Fourth: In the administration of the business affairs of an institution the principles of civil service must prevail. Favoritism of any kind, not to speak of nepotism, are insufferable. Those who are held responsible for certain divisions of the work must be given the privilege of making recommendations for the positions under their direction, subject to the approval of the higher authorities. Promotion from those already in the ranks is an essential element.

Fifth: Absolute economy must be exercised in every department of the institution. The officers charged with the responsibility of expending money should be held to strict account. It is undoubtedly true that many men, who are eminent in their respective departments for learning and for ability to give instruction, fail from the business point of view to conduct their own affairs or those of the institution, when intrusted to them, with proper care. Debt may be incurred only when satisfactory provision has been made in advance for its payment when due.

Sixth: Special consideration from the business point of view must be given to the problems connected with the expenses of student life. It is a mistake to encourage luxury or even to make it possible. However wealthy a young man may be, he cannot spend a large sum of money annually and be a student. For the time being, at all events, he must limit his expenditures, and directly or indirectly the university must see that this is done. On the other hand, it is equally important that provision be made for the assistance of worthy students who find themselves unable to continue their work for lack of means. It is possible to make mistakes in assisting students who do not deserve assistance, and in rendering assistance in a manner which will injure the student even if he deserves help. To require that every student who receives help from the university shall make suitable return to the university in the form of service or of repayment of money is a practical business way of treating the whole matter. Help should be rendered only in return for work done or as a loan to be repaid. In the latter case there is no objection from the business point of view if the loan is arranged on terms especially favorable to the student. Such a student cannot be expected in every case to furnish satisfactory security, but without such security money should not be loaned except to those whose character is personally known to the officers to be above reproach.

Seventh: The financial transactions of a large institution should be announced regularly to the public. The exact amount of expenditures in the various departments, even in detail, the receipts from any and every source, are facts which the public deserve to know; and knowledge of these facts will give to the university the confidence of the public. No single act can be performed by an institution that will accomplish greater good than the regular and systematic publication in official form of the receipts and expenditures of money.

Contracts that May Properly be Broken

Eighth: Contracts with members of the teaching staff are not treated like contracts with the officers of the university conducting the business side of the institution or like contracts made in ordinary business affairs. A large university is accustomed to accept the resignation of a professor or instructor whenever it may be proffered, whatever may have been the time for which the professor or instructor was appointed. Resignations are thus accepted in the case of men who have been appointed to do a certain service, and who before even beginning to do that service desire to connect themselves with another institution. It is not considered out of place for one institution to make assiduous effort to draw away a member of the staff of another institution. The feeling prevails everywhere in the large universities that whatever is for the best interests of the individual will in the end prove to be for the best interests of education; and the university can in no case afford to deprive an individual officer of an opportunity to accept a position of higher opportunity and influence. It is only in the smaller institutions of learning that this principle is not acted upon.

Ninth: A university, although possessed of twenty millions of dollars, is, from the legal point of view, a charitable institution. Whatever may be its wealth or influence its affairs are managed as are those of great charitable institutions. It does not hesitate to accept from any and every source gifts, large or small, with which to prosecute its work for the public benefit. It declares no dividends, but it gives to the public through its students every dollar paid by the students, and with each such dollar three or five in addition.

There are to-day fifteen or twenty institutions in America with reference to which the above statements, with modifications, will be essentially true. Reference to particular institutions has been omitted because such reference could not be furnished without at the same time giving rise to misunderstanding. Enough has been said perhaps to show that a great institution of learning, altogether aside from its educational work, is a business concern which deserves to take its place side by side with the world's other great business concerns.

Editor's Note—The first half of this paper appeared in The Saturday Evening Post of October 12.

Thompson's Progress—By Cutcliffe Hyne

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Tom sent them in return two charges of number six shot

BLACK THURSDAY

THE British business barometer had been steadily falling for some time, but when it reached Stormy it went down with tumbles and bounds. In Bradford, where men work largely on overdraft, there were signals on every hill which pointed to a general collapse. Prices of wool and yarn and stock generally shrank like ice in sunshine. Men who on their balance-sheets of a month before counted themselves as moderately affluent, now saw ruin gibbering at them. A pestilence of bankruptcy swept the town. Hardly any of the small men escaped. Even the biggest were badly shaken. It was grimly said on 'Change that the Official Receiver's was the only concern in the town running full time.

Hophni Asquith, of the dashing, pushing, thriving firm of Thompson & Asquith, found himself left alone in sole charge, and very soon lost his head. He saw things go from bad to worse, and watched firm after firm in which they were heavily interested come toppling down like autumn leaves in a breeze; and in the stress of arranging for salvage of the wreck he lost his health. An epidemic of measles had been running through the mill hands, then the Asquith children got it, and finally Hophni himself, who was a man of no stamina, and who was just then even more run down than usual, got bowled over with the ridiculous childish complaint.

In less of a commercial crisis, or with his partner at home, Hophni Asquith would have taken the wise course and submitted to the stereotyped treatment. But he was a man who knew only how to win; he could not take losses without dropping his nerve; and he felt also that he had been left in charge of affairs by his partner, and had no one in the office who could in the least take his place. As a consequence he tried to put the measles to one side, and as a natural result of this cavalier treatment, the measles in their revenge very nearly killed him.

T. Thompson, the brain of the firm, was in America, and so, with Hophni incapacitated, Fortune, who happened to be in one of her most impish moods just then, simply played ducks and drakes with credits and assets.

In blissful unconsciousness of all this domestic turmoil, Mr. Thomas Thompson toured the United States, arranging agencies, and making local merchants acquainted with the New York house which Messrs. Thompson & Asquith, merchants, had established to sell the goods of Messrs. Thompson & Asquith, manufacturers. The war between North and South was just over; the country was licking its wounds and getting into its stride again; and the Morrill tariff, which had practically prohibited all textile trade with Great Britain, was struck off the statute list. The Democratic party was, for the time being, coquetting with free trade. America just then was not far-seeing enough to grasp what high protection could do for her manufactories.

Tom did not compete with the other Yorkshire firms who already imported fine stuffs and catered for the clothing of the few. He decided that the many—who still remained unprovided for—were quite good enough for him. They wanted cheaper material, but the percentage of profit which it would stand was quite as great, and the demand was about one thousand times as big. There were fewer rich people in the States then than in this era of the trusts, and Thompson & Asquith were quite open to making their quiet seventy-five per cent. on showy, cheap fabrics which any one with the least amount of good taste would turn up the nose at. Allowance had to be made, of course, for bad debts; but the seventy-five per cent. was especially devised to counteract these reductions, and so the honest paid for their more knavish neighbors.

Be it said, however, that Tom had not crossed the Western Ocean entirely in pursuit of the nimble dollar. The acquisition of money and power were certainly great objects in his life, but just at that period the winning of the hand of Miss Mary Norreys in marriage appeared to him an even greater necessity. He had first come across Miss Norreys by accident: he intended that her further cultivation should be a matter of design. But here caste stepped in and set up an enormous barrier. The girl was the descendant of a long line of country gentlefolk: Tom was a mere collier's whelp. In Mr. Norreys' eyes he was certainly *nouveau*, and only problematically rich. Mr. Norreys saw no dignity whatever in labor, and considered that consols and land were the only securities worth recognizing. None of his people had ever been mixed up with trade, and he would be not-exactly-blessed if he let any of them begin in his time. Tom might take himself and his aspirations to the devil, and as for Miss Mary Norreys, she preserved a face of unruffled composure, as though the subject were entirely beneath her concern; and Tom loved her for it.

This was no sentence delivered in so many words. Tom had far too much tact to let matters come to an open fracas. The Norreys' shootings and fishing had been let, and Tom had rented them: he had taken a house in the neighborhood and furnished it lavishly; he had set up horses, carriages, kennels, cooks, a refrigerating plant, and a highly experienced butler. He asked Norreys father and Norreys son to shoot with him and dine, and they did both. He repeated the dose three times before the invitation was returned. And in this proportion they entertained one another during the shooting season.

All Tom's instincts went toward a quick settlement. He wanted Mary Norreys badly; he wished her to want him as soon as possible; so that then they might get married and push on with the business of advancing the power and fortunes of Mr. and Mrs. T. Thompson. But he recognized that here was no bargain to be pushed through by sheer power of will; his tongue was quick, and that of Mr. Norreys was slow; but Mr. Norreys' drawl somehow carried a power with it that Tom could not fail to recognize, though it was beyond his art to reproduce it.

It annoyed him to wait; it annoyed him when he was given very plainly to understand that the lady's hand was probably for another, and certainly not for him; but these things did not in the least disturb his desire to marry her, or upset his cool faith that one day or another he would bring this thing to pass. He had never been thwarted yet in any really important matter, financial or otherwise, that he had firmly set his mind on; it had grown to be a creed with him that anything within sight could be got if only you tried hard enough for it; and he did not intend that his theories should be upset by a matter which lay so entirely near to his heart as this marrying of Miss Mary Norreys.

It is probable that in the end Mr. Norreys got a trifle frightened at the continued sight of Tom's big dogged jaw, and the prevalent rumors of his hard persistency and his unbroken success. He was a man who took a heavy pride in keeping his family within its caste, even in the female branches, and, moreover, he was a man who took no superfluous risks. So one day, in reply to an invitation to dine and shoot, Tom was informed that Mr. Norreys and his second daughter, Mary, had gone abroad for an indefinite period.

Inquiry showed that the destination was America, but nothing further disclosed itself. Mr. Norreys had taken particular care that his route should not be advertised, by the simple expedient of not deciding upon one before he sailed.

However, America in those days was a far smaller place than it is now, and Tom wired Liverpool for a berth in the next boat, and sailed for New York next day. It occurred to him that now was the exact moment to push the American branch of his firm's business into active life. Hophni Asquith quite saw the point of this, and as he had to be left in charge in the meanwhile Tom sat with him in the office during the remaining twenty hours he had in England, and together they talked through and decided on the policy of Thompson & Asquith for the next six weeks, with what seemed to them a microscopic thoroughness.

Through New York, if they had reached that port, the Norreys had passed without trace, but Tom put on a couple of reliable men to find out for him their movements, and in the meanwhile took up the affairs of his business with the result above recorded.

In due time a report of their progress reached him. They had landed in Philadelphia, and after a week in Pennsylvania had gone straight down South to visit friends who had a plantation in North Carolina. Tom got the news in Baltimore and took the cars that night for Asheville.

As he sat a day later on the piazza of the Battery Hotel, smoking an after-dinner cigar, and looking thoughtfully at the blinking fireflies, a man swung around the corner with a "Fancy seeing you here!"

"Why, Emmott!"

"Oh, it's all right about me. I live out Arden way when I'm at home, though that's been seldom this last fifteen years."

"Are your people the Emmotts of Bowden's Bluff by any chance?"

"Certainly."

"Never talk to me of coincidence again. Who'd have thought of connecting John Emmott, yarn-merchant of Berlin, with these people here? Why, man, I didn't even know you were a Yank!"

"I'm not. I'm a Southerner."

"Beg your pardon. Being a mere Englishman I don't quite understand your distinctions in this country yet. But you didn't take much interest in the war, did you?"

John Emmott flushed. "You've got on to rather a delicate subject, but as you're down here perhaps I'd better explain. I didn't agree with local theories on slave-holding when I was a youngster, and so they took me down from Harvard, and, in fact, I more or less got the dirty kick-out. That's the way I drifted to Germany. When the war came I just wanted to get back to my country more badly than you can think. But I couldn't fight for the South as I still didn't like what was the essence of its theories; and I wasn't going to be a renegade and fight against it. So I stayed on in Berlin and bought Bradford yarns. But," he added with a sigh, "the mischief isn't over yet, and I've come to see if I can't help straighten things out a bit. The old people have seen a heap of trouble, and—well, they're old, and I'm the only son they've left. They haven't invited me, mind you. I guess, if they've lost everything else, they've their pride left still. But I've a notion if I come back as the prodigal son they'd be pleased enough to provide the veal."

"Pretty those fireflies are, snapping away under the trees. I'd like to meet your people. May I drive over when you're settled in?"

"Now, why the deuce do you say that? You take no sentimental interest in the South. Your sympathies are with the Northerners, if you take any interest in the country at all. And besides, from what I know of you myself, and from what I've heard of you in Bradford, it's a sure thing you can't do anything unless T. Thompson is to make some dollars over it. Now, what do you want out of my poor old people in their trouble? What's your little game?"

"Don't get angry, and I'll make a small confession. It is not your people I want to meet at all. But they have some guests just now who interest me very much indeed."

John Emmott leaned forward in his rocker and tapped Tom on the knee. "Say, I don't know whether you are talking quite innocently, or whether you are tackling a very dangerous job. But if you'll take the cinch from me you'll go back North and get on with your ordinary business. You won't find it healthy out at Arden if you're going there for empty amusement, and if you've taken on some job for your friends the Yankees, you'll find this neighborhood very sickly indeed. Just remember that the white men around here are all ruined, and they're feeling pretty desperate just now; and I—well, I'm not John Emmott, of Berlin, just now. I'm a Southerner."

Tom listened unmoved. "It's Mr. and Miss Norreys I want to see."

"How did you know they were staying at Bowden's Bluff? It's news to me. You seem to know a good deal."

"Well," said Tom with a grim smile, "as you appear to think I'm trying to force my way into your house for some suspicious motive which I haven't arrived at yet, perhaps it's only due for me to tell you that my one object is to marry Miss Norreys. I can't afford to let any time slip by. I hear she is practically engaged to another man whom her father arranged for her to meet on the steamer coming out, and I'm going to knock him out of the running if I have to upset half of America to do it."

John Emmott shrugged his shoulders. "If you will go, you will, and there's an end of it. I know you're a lot too pig-headed to change your mind through any argument of mine if you have made up your mind on the matter. But if

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Editor's Note—This is the fifth of six striking stories by Mr. Hyne descriptive of the rise and adventures of Thompson. The first described him as a vagrant poacher, ignorant, but of marvelous skill and cleverness. The second showed how, having conquered an education, he exerted his amazing forcefulness and won a partnership in a mill. In the third tale he is a prosperous mill owner. The fourth told how he met Mary Norreys, daughter of a proud and wealthy landowner, and how he fell in love with her and determined to marry her.

trouble comes, and you find yourself in the middle of it, don't say I haven't warned you. And," he added, in a harder voice, "if the trouble does come and we find ourselves on opposite sides, don't think that because I have known you in Europe I shall refrain from shooting you here."

"I can tell you in a moment which side I shall be on, and that is the side favored by Miss Norreys. I don't know which that is, and I do not remarkably care. As for your suggestion of shooting, I'll take the hint, and provide myself with a weapon to-morrow. And now suppose we change the subject. Tell me, will you, what sport there is in the neighborhood? You've wild turkeys here, haven't you? I'd like much to bag a couple or so if it could be managed."

On the afternoon of next day Mr. Thomas Thompson, spruce in person and neatly booted, rode out on a hired horse with a hard mouth and a bullet-clipped ear. He had a shot-gun on a sling over his shoulder, and two hundred twelve-bore cartridges in a neat roll over the pommel of his saddle. When he was alone, and riding down a track between high woods, he pulled a miniature from his pocket and nodded to it cheerily. "I'm going to have you, you know," he said, "so you might as well give in without further trouble. Eh, lassie, but you are a beauty! You are worth the fighting for. And yet, so far, the only things tangible I've got to remind me of you are a picture and a stuffed trout. Well, I guess they're enough, and I could do without even those at a pinch. I'm not likely to forget you this side of eternity."

When he came out into Arden village beside the railroad track he met a party of negro militia shuffling along through the dust, and they, after the custom of that unhappy period, pelted him with impertinences. Somehow his gorge arose within him. The atmosphere of the South was beginning to sink in. But one thing puzzled him. Why should they hail him as "Mo' Kuklux trash?" What was this Kuklux? He had heard of it several times within the last day or two, but whenever he asked for explanation he could only get a stare and an evasion. From John Emmott in particular his question drew forth something very like rudeness. "If you don't know what the Kuklux is, you'll do quite well without being told. If you do know, you've come to the wrong man here if you're trying to pump me for further pointers."

It was seldom he could let his hard-mouthed old troop-horse go beyond a walk. The roads over which he traveled had been cut up with the passage of guns and the heavy transport of an army, and no one thought of repairing them. This annoyed him, because in the first instance he was always a man who liked quick movement, and in the second, he was vaguely conscious of some disturbing influence in the air. He was nervous about the safety of Miss Norreys. He wanted to be at hand ready to look after her. He had never known what it was to be nervous about anybody before.

The attitude, too, of the various people he asked his way from was not reassuring. When he inquired for Arden, they just pointed listlessly enough; when he mentioned Bowden's Bluff they stared at him inquiringly; when he added the name of Colonel Emmott, the blacks cursed him, and the whites usually threw in a word of warning. "I suppose you know what you're about?" was their usual question. But one lean tar-heeler was more open. "Say, you're liable to 'n attack of chills-an'-fever daown at the Kernel's to-day. You pull raound sonny, and get away back." Tom stuck out his jaw and rode on.

When he came to it the once prosperous plantation was a sufficiently dismal sight. Here and there sorghum, corn or tobacco grew with uncultivated rankness; but the zigzag snake-fences were derailed or spread level with the ground, and in many places the secondary-growth forest sprouted shoulder high. The house itself, a fine building of stone, had escaped fire and shot, but neglect and the climate had marked it with terrible fingers. Its piazzas were mere jungles of trumpet vine; the shutters of the windows limped on single hinges; the gaps in the cockled gray shingles were an invitation to the jays and squirrels. There was the faint smell of wood smoke somewhere in the air, but no reek came from the chimneys, and from the front of the house no trace of recent human occupation betrayed itself. Tom moved sharply up to the entrance steps on his uneasy-gaited horse, and looked sharply about him. Hornets were building their clay-pencil nests in the angles of the front door's panels. A lithe black snake flickered away under the foundation pillars of the house like the lash of a vanishing whip. Tom made no attempt at this unpromising door. He wheeled his horse with intention to circle the house and try if the back offered more hospitality. But around the first angle he stopped, chuckled, and swung off his hat. Miss Mary Norreys was displayed in a string hammock between two of the posts of the piazza.

She colored a little, and nodded to him.

"You expected me, of course?" he asked.

She answered this rather Jesuitically. "Papa didn't."

"Emmott did say I was coming, then?"

"He brought the news this morning. Papa went away yesterday, over to Tennessee. If he had known of your arrival I'm sure he would have stayed to receive you."

Tom chuckled. "I suppose I should take his sudden exit from England as some kind of compliment."

"What is the connection? He came out to see Colonel Emmott, who is an old friend of his. I didn't know you even knew the Emmotts."

Miss Norreys had a twinkle in her eye.

"Oh, John Emmott is an old acquaintance of mine. Didn't he tell you? Perhaps not, though; he seems in a queer mood just now. By the way, sudden thought, did John Emmott come out in the same boat with you?"

"No; why?"

"Because," said Tom coolly, "I'm told there was a man in that boat who seems to be in my way, and if there is any one I have got to put my heel on—or, if necessary, shoot—I should prefer that it is not an old friend."

Mary Norreys pulled herself out of the hammock and stood facing him, with the piazza rail and its straggle of trumpet vine between them. "Mr. Thompson, I don't pretend to misunderstand you, but please remember that I resent this. I do not know what rumors you may have heard, but I may tell you that the person you talk about is no more to me than—than you are."

"That's all right, then," said Tom bluntly. "But they told me you were engaged."

She bit her lip and flushed. "Your information seems surprisingly accurate. We were engaged. We are not now. When Mr.—when he heard we were coming to Colonel Emmott's, he objected. There was something in Colonel Emmott's political opinions he did not like. So my father broke it off. The engagement was my father's wish from the beginning."

Tom rubbed a fly from his horse's bullet-clipped ear with a switch. "Now, I find Colonel Emmott's political opinions charming. I don't in the least know what they are, but they seem to have your approval, and I for one will defend them utterly. It appears to me that Mr.—that the other fellow was small-hearted."

"He was a gentleman."

"And I was born a collier's son, and am a parvenu. Do you still prefer gentility?"

Mary Norreys laughed, and plucked a red blossom from the trumpet vine. "That's a very bold question, and a very broad one."

"But still you could answer it."

"I could, I suppose. If you want an answer now, I don t think you would like it."

"But later? I can wait. I could wait eternally almost. In a week's time, say——"

John Emmott came sharply around the corner of the piazza. "Miss Norreys, you must go away from Bowden's Bluff at once, please. I've made arrangements. There are troops coming, and there will be wild work here presently. 'Morning, Thompson. You'd better put heels into that old crock of yours and clear out as fast as you can go. They've spotted you down in the village, I'm told, and you'll get shot on sight if you're found here. I warned you," he snapped out irritably, "not to come, you fool."

"What has happened?" asked the girl. "Why are the troops coming? Why should we go? Surely United States troops would do nothing to us."

"They're nigger militia," said Emmott, "and if you've not been long enough in the South to appreciate the colored man under these circumstances you must take my word for him. I'm sure Thompson will back me."

"All the way. Miss Norreys, you must go."

"But," she persisted, "what is the trouble? The war's over and forgotten. Why should troops trouble you?"

"Kuklux," said Emmott shortly. "There's no time to explain. We've only just got the news, and every second wasted now means more danger. Colonel Emmott and my mother will be your escort. You will cross the French Broad River, cut the ferry adrift, and get on to a friend's house on the other side. They will give you horses, and you will have to go into the mountains and hide till things have blown over a bit. I am sorry, but you should never have come here. Your father was warned that the Colonel was mixed up with this miserable Kuklux Klan, and if he'd been anything short of a fool he would have stayed away."

"Then you are not implicated with it? You will ride away back to Asheville with Mr. Thompson?"

"I," said John Emmott with a grim laugh, "shall stay on here in the house and keep those martial colored men amused till you are safely out of the way."

"I'm reckoned rather good myself at entertaining people," said Tom. "I'll stay with you."

"More fool you, then. Now, Miss Norreys, please, you must go. Please remember it isn't only yourself that you are risking. Colonel Emmott and my mother have their fine old Southern pride, bless 'em, and they won't take care of their own skins till they've seen to the comfort of their guests."

The girl moved reluctantly. "But I don't like leaving you—and Mr. Thompson. Why can't you come, too, and leave the house?"

"Because, when they found the place clear, they'd run on and nip us before we got to the creek, or shoot us down on the ferry. As it is, they'll stay here till you're over, and once the boat's adrift then you're all right. The French Broad's in flood, and it's no easy job to swim it."

"Then you'll be in no danger? You'll come on afterward?" She looked at Tom. "Both of you?"

"Yes, yes, yes," said Emmott. "Take Thompson with you if you want him. I can do alone."

Mary Norreys crimsoned, and went, which was what John Emmott wanted; and when he and Tom had seen the three of them well off down the river track they turned again to the house.

"Now, look here," said Emmott, "there's your horse tied to that tree branch. Just you mount and quit. There's nothing commercial about this job. There's nothing to be made out of it."

"It will be quite a pleasant change."

"I tell you plainly we haven't a cat-in-oven chance."

"As I have seen the troops for myself, and counted cocoanuts, I guess it will be a tight job keeping them off. What's the plan? We can't hold the whole of the house against them. It's too big. Besides, it's all windows and doorways."

"There's a storeroom inside, with stone walls and one door. We can finish up there. Listen!"

A chorus of voices, not unmusical, singing John Brown's Body, made itself heard in gradual crescendo.

"By the Lord, the brutes are here already. Well, we'll go to the front door to receive them."

"Wait a minute," said Tom. "I've a few necessaries on my saddle." He went around the piazza, unstrapped the roll of cartridges from his saddle, and turned the old troop horse loose, with a thump on the quarters, to make the best of his chances. Then he loaded his gun and snapped up the breech. "Now," he said, "I'm quite ready to help you with your entertainment."

John Brown's Body came nearer, to the accompaniment of a good flat-footed tramp, and Tom, who had a fine ear for a tune, perched himself on a piazza rail and joined in.

John Emmott opened the front door and stepped inside. "Better come in here under cover," he advised. "They'll shoot you like a partridge when they come around the corner of the trees there."

The black soldiers swung out into sight, saw him, and bubbled into quick excitement. Their song snapped off in the middle of a bar; Tom's kept on bravely. He knew that time was of value if the retreating party were to get across

Why should they hail him as "Mo' Kuklux trash?"

the French Broad undisturbed, and took his chances accordingly. The soldiers halted thirty yards away from him, and an officer harangued him. The officer said that if he would throw down his gun, and come out and surrender, he should be taken away and given fair trial. Otherwise he would be shot. The same offer applied to Colonel Emmott and all the other people in the house.

"But, Great Brown!" said Tom, "what on earth do you want to arrest me for? I'm a blameless Englishman, and I haven't been in North Carolina a couple of days."

"You know, sar; you know what you've done."

"I'm bothered if I do."

"You're one of the Kuklux trash."

"Never heard of the gentlemen till a couple of days ago. I remember you mentioned their names when I had the pleasure of meeting you just now in Arden village. Will you kindly define?"

The negro officer would not. But he talked enormously, and repeated his threats and invitation to surrender.

"Nothing of the kind," said Tom. "I'm a blooming Englishman, and if you shoot me there'll be old mischief to pay."

They occupied twenty minutes over this edifying wrangle before the officer finally lost his temper and gave an order. Four bullets flew. Tom sent them in return two charges of number six shot, which at thirty yards spread finely, and were acknowledged by an uproar of squeals and yells. Then he retired through the front door and slammed it behind him.

"Well, you're a cool hand," said Emmott, "seeing it's the first time you've been shot at."

"Oh, it isn't that. I received my baptism of fire years ago."

"Where, you curious person? I thought you were a worsted manufacturer."

"Also poacher. It was a keeper who couldn't run as fast as he would have liked, and loosed off out of disappointment. Now where's your fortress? Those jokers will have the door down in a minute, and be through half a dozen windows, and I've no especial fancy for being shot down like a rat in this passage."

"Along here," said Emmott, and led the way. "Whilst you were speechifying I've been collecting bedding and stuff for a breastwork. You kept them off and made time splendidly. By Jove, though, you must be awfully fond of that girl, to stay here. You know it means being wiped out."

"I'm going to marry her when she sees the necessity of it as much as I do, and therefore we must use our wits so as not to be killed just now. You've picked a grand place to hold here. We shall be quite in the dark, and so they can't see where to shoot, whereas out in the hall there they'll be in the light, and we can pick them off like pheasants. They're firmly persuaded that they've got your father and a whole crew of folks boxed up here."

"They don't seem in any hurry to get at us."

"So much the better. They are letting off temper a bit by smashing and bashing furniture and window-shutters, by the sound of them. By the way, what is the trouble all about? Not that it matters, of course, but I should like to know just out of curiosity."

"Oh, Kuklux."

"That's just unmeaning gibberish to me. Can't you explain further?"

"It is a sort of secret society which the broken Southern gentlemen are using now to get back a reasonable amount of the power of the State into their hands. I agree with that object well enough. The present corrupt government forced upon us by the Northerners is intolerable. But the Kuklux methods I detest."

"What are they?"

"Oh, murder, murder, murder; that's what it amounts to. And the grimmest part of it is that *my father* is the President of the Klan. But he is my father, and so *I'm* here covering his retreat."

Tom laughed. "We seem a queer pair of champions for the cause. There's humor in it, if only you look at it the right way."

"You've an odd notion of what's funny. Do you notice that smell? We're not going to have our shooting over this barricade, after all."

"Fire!" said Tom. "They've set the house ablaze. Sensible of them, but ugly for us. How far is it to the French Broad River?"

"Our people ought to have it in sight by now. Another ten minutes, and I should say they'll be safe. We can then take our choice of staying here to suffocate or fry, or else making a dash for the outside and getting a bullet. You bet they'll have all the guns well placed."

"Wait a bit," said Tom thoughtfully. "I haven't time for a funeral just now. I want that girl, and I want a lot of other things first. How many doors are there to this house?"

"Three."

"And how many windows?"

"Oh, any number."

"That's awkward. I was hoping there might be one side where they wouldn't have any guns posted."

"There are no windows or doors on the side that backs on the woods, of course."

"Good. Then that's the side on which we leave."

"But how, man, how? We can't pick a hole in that solid masonry in the time that's left us."

"Through the floor. Here, give me that big, ugly knife of yours. I'm the stronger, and I'm the better carpenter of the two, and we must hurry. This smoke's getting bad. The house is built on stone piles, you see, and underneath there it will be full of smoke by this. We must cut a hole down to it. Once we're through this floor we shall have a clear run of it to cover. It's all America to a tin tack they haven't wasted men by putting anybody to guard the solid side of the house."

Tom, with the knife in a lusty fist, hacked and sliced and splintered at the boarding of the floor, coughing the smoke from his lungs, and bedewing his work with perspiration. Over and above them the dry woodwork of the house crackled and roared. Outside were the negro militiamen with itching trigger-fingers. Around all were the ruined plantation and primeval North Carolina woods.

Slowly the tough boarding gave under the knife-slashes, nearer and noisier grew the fire. The stone walls of the storeroom splintered under the heat. The doorway was like the throat of a chimney. Only near the floor could they breathe at all, and even there the stinging smoke was like to have choked them. But at last a small hole was cut through, and Tom got his powerful hands into the gap and wrenched away a board. He tried the boards on either side; they hove at them together: but none would budge. They had to be painfully cut through with the knife before they would yield.

Flames began to dart in at them through the doorway in hungry yellow tongues. Tom hacked, and slashed, and wrenched, and strove: two boards gone now, and a third yielding. The heat was intolerable, and the clothes on their backs were singeing in spite of the drench of perspiration. For a moment Tom thought he was going to lose Mary Norreys, after all.

One more gigantic effort and another board yielded, and the gap was made sufficiently large. There was no standing on precedence now. Tom crammed Emmott through into the unseen below, and followed, with a yellow sheet of flame flickering over his head. He beat and kicked Emmott into consciousness, and together they tottered through the reek, with the walls and floors of the house thundering to blazing ruin above them. The smoke drove in a solid wall down to the edge of the trees and gave them cover, and presently they found themselves lying, breathless and scorched, in a cool green fern-patch beyond probable reach of harm.

It was five days later than this, and after considerable wandering and adventure, that the pair of them came up to

(Continued on Page 14)

Tales of Old Turley—By Max Adeler

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THE POLITICAL MACHINE IN TURLEY

THE foremost man among the Democrats in the State was Colonel Bly. The Colonel often declared in his speeches that he was a Jeffersonian Democrat from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet. This always elicited storms of applause from audiences who felt that the Colonel, in thus expressing the fact that Jeffersonian Democracy had penetrated and lodged permanently in every fibre of his being, had revealed a truth which gave a heroic flavor to his character and which promised vast, if not clearly perceived, advantages to our common country.

Colonel Bly had begun at the very bottom in politics as a "worker" in one of the wards of the largest city in the State. He pushed his way upward with remarkable rapidity, but he never acquired a really firm grip upon the party organization until he completed successfully what was alluded to at the time as his famous "deal" with the Shiawassee Indians.

The Colonel was the principal owner of a bank in the town of Donovan. It was a very small bank, with a very large note-issue, and it was regarded by prudent bankers as an institution with which dealings should be conducted with extreme circumspection.

Rather early in his career Colonel Bly, by some means, obtained an appointment from the Federal Government as disbursing agent for the Shiawassee Indians. To those unfortunate children of the forest, herded upon a reservation, the Government owed two hundred and eighty thousand dollars for bounties and land purchases. This money was paid in gold to Colonel Bly and the theory was that the Colonel would convey it bodily to the Shiawassee beneficiaries. Colonel Bly had quite different plans for conducting the transaction. He procured from his bank two hundred and eighty thousand dollars of its notes, and, depositing the gold, he proceeded to the reservation, turned over the notes to the chief of the tribe, took his receipt in full, and then came home. The bank failed four days before the guileless red men could have managed, by any means, to present the notes for redemption.

This was regarded by the politicians generally as a masterpiece of dexterous business, and from that moment, his genius for practical politics fully recognized, and the condition of his fortunes making him the object of envy, Colonel Bly assumed the leadership of his party in the State.

The Colonel's declared position was that of the party's leader. In fact he was its master. He knew how to make concessions here and there, particularly in small local elections, where the people might have grown restive under interference from an outsider; but upon the whole his will was law, and if he wished a man to be nominated for any office that man's name appeared upon the ticket. He had made and he directed a great organization which had effective operation in every part of the State. His man managed the machinery in each county, and answered to the Colonel for that county.

The Colonel always owned the State Treasurer, and the Treasury always had balances running up into millions. The law designated no public depositories and of course said nothing about interest upon deposits of public money. But the money always was placed in banks, and the use of it was worth much to these institutions. The Bank of Turley, for example, could have sworn that it never paid a dollar of interest to anybody for such deposits; but the results would have been unpleasant for the directors if they had been asked if they ever contributed to the Democratic campaign fund, or if such contributions would foot up anywhere near to three per cent. upon such deposits. The Colonel handled all the campaign funds and never had an audit or an accounting. The Colonel had always avoided the inconvenient practice of keeping books.

Thus the Colonel had plenty of money for himself and plenty of offices to give his friends. Popularity could have no more solid basis. But, besides, the Colonel was known to all the workers and to many of the rank and file as a mighty good fellow. He was always smiling. He never forgot a man's name, and many an humble voter who had never ventured to aspire for himself even to the smallest office had been thrilled through all his nerve-centres to have the Colonel, who had not met him for years, come to him at a "grand rally" and clap him on the shoulder and say "Hello, Bill!"

The Colonel was a plain man, a man of the people; neat and modest in his dress; able to speak like an educated man with the educated, but quite at ease with dislocated syntax and slang when he met alone those helpers and subordinates whom he was pleased to call "the boys."

It was said of the Colonel by all the boys that "he always stood by his friends." This and the fact that he was from centre to circumference a Jeffersonian Democrat were his only apparent virtues. That he always stood by his friends was constantly repeated by the voters who hoped some day to have the privilege of his friendship.

And it was true. The man who served him rarely failed to obtain substantial reward, and any of his adherents who got into office and then got into trouble by misusing the public money always had the protecting arm of the Colonel thrown around him. Either the Colonel made good the loss or he had the jury fixed, or he provided the unfortunate man with a place in the consular service. But the one friend whom the Colonel always stood by most faithfully was the Colonel himself.

Billy Grimes had control in the county in which Turley was situated; and he would have been permitted to conduct this October local election without interference from the Colonel but for the fact that Davis Cook, the plumber, actually had the audacity to propose that he, Davis Cook, should be placed upon the Democratic ticket as candidate for school director in Turley.

When the Colonel heard of this and remembered how Davis Cook had once spoken at the Presbyterian Church meeting of him and his proffered contribution and his methods of getting money, he considered it his duty to come to Turley at once, and to give orders that Davis Cook should be refused a nomination at the hands of a party whose master he had thus scandalously assailed.

To the Colonel it seemed bad enough that one of his subjects should have the hardihood to reflect unfavorably upon his financial methods, but it was quite intolerable—it was menacing—that such a man should presume to name himself for a public office without consulting the Colonel or his representatives; without obtaining permission from the ruler of the State and as if he were a free man in a free community. It was plain enough that the whole political machine might go to pieces if the Colonel's subjects should acquire the notion that they could run for office in obedience to mere erratic individual impulse; and the consequences might be serious if the practice should become common of referring to the Colonel's wealth as plunder and of classifying him among thieves. An example must be made of this presumptuous and preposterous plumber, so that discipline should be maintained.

After careful review of the whole situation and discussion of the availability of several men as candidates to run against Cook, Grimes made up his mind to put up the name of Rufus Potter, Captain Elijah Bluitt's hired man. This decision had warm approval from the Colonel.

Rufus seemed to possess many advantages. He was a horny-handed workingman, but he ranked much lower in the scale than Davis Cook, who, after all, was a master-plumber and might reasonably be classed among the employers and oppressors of labor. This would attract the element in the party that always came to the polls and voted. Rufus was endeared to them, also, by the fact that his speech was even less refined than that of Davis Cook. He used more slang and his dislocations of syntax were little less than appalling to educated people. Rufus, very visibly and emphatically, was a man of the common people. He stood near to the bottom. To this was added the not unimportant fact that Rufus had been a sailor, serving under his country's flag, and bearing about with him in Turley the agreeable reputation of being a man who had seen the world and had borne himself well in the midst of dreadful dangers.

After an active and lively canvass of the Third Ward by Davis Cook in his own behalf and by the regular party workers in the interests of Rufus Potter, the primary election was held on a Saturday night, late in August.

There were only two hundred and twenty Democrats all told in the Third Ward of Turley, and of these one hundred and seventy contributed to the cause of popular self-government and to the general uplift of the community by remaining at home. One hundred and thirty-four of these forgot that the primary election was to be held upon that night. Some thought it was the preceding Saturday night, and some thought it was the next Saturday night.

Mr. Grimes had a firm statesmanlike grasp upon the situation, and it became apparent to his discerning mind early in the day that if he depended upon his own people to rally to his standard the cause was lost; and so he had arrangements made for voting thirty-three Democrats from other wards for Rufus and three disreputable Whigs and one rather loose Know-Nothing from the Third Ward. Davis Cook received sixty votes and Rufus had eighty-seven, honest and dishonest. The tellers, Billy Grimes' own men, gave Rufus the certificate declaring that he had the regular nomination.

There was joy that night in the home of Potter. Rufus sat about, trying to have his mind grasp the full meaning of this wonderful experience that had come to him. The effort staggered him. Every now and then he felt his head swim, and he put his hand upon the table to steady himself.

But Mrs. Potter's mental vision swept easily over the whole field, and more.

"Didn't I tell you, Maud," she said triumphantly to her oldest girl, who was helping to wash the dishes, "that your father's elements of greatness would yet have distinguished recognition before he died, and that his fellow-countrymen would not much longer permit the bold mariner who had found his pathway hither and thither upon the trackless waste of water amid a thousand perils to remain in ignominious obscurity? I told *you* so, Rufus. Your wife knew you had it in you; and now it is out, and you will be clothed with authority, and will sit in official session to direct how the blessings of education shall be showered down upon infant minds; and some day when you have done good and faithful service in the School Board the vista will open, and when dear Sammy comes back from his voyages he will find you in Congress, sitting there in the halls of legislation and directing the destinies of the greatest nation on this earth. I saw it, Maud, from the very, very first; and said to myself when I married your father that he was born for great things—really great things, such as no mere pipe-twisting, soldering plumber ever could be capable of."

Rufus heard her with delight, and as he heard the feeling began to creep over him that perhaps Destiny was indeed leading him toward a higher sphere; but he was haunted also by some sort of fear that he should not be quite certain what to do when he got there.

Davis Cook, defeated by the Democrats, was promptly nominated by the Whigs, who jumped at such a chance to win a victory; and Davis began at once his canvass of the ward and of the adjacent township which voted with the ward.

One of his first visits was paid to Doctor Quelch, the most influential man in the neighborhood. He found the doctor in his office and was invited to enter and take a seat.

"I come to see you, doctor," said Davis, "to ask for your vote and support for me for school director."

"I see," said the doctor. "You won't mind, Davis, if I ask you what qualifications you have for the office of director of the public schools?"

"None whatever!" replied Davis with emphasis.

"Give me your hand, Davis," said the doctor, rising. "You shall have my vote. I like your frankness. But, Davis, why then are you running for the place? Why do you desire it?"

"Simply because Colonel Bly wants to keep me out. He says I sha'n't have the place, and I am determined to beat him if I can."

"Good!" said the doctor. "The motive is not exactly lofty, but I admire pluck and I have no admiration for Bly. I will vote for you, but you will not be elected."

"Why not?"

"Because the Democrats are running against you a man less capable than you are."

"Potter?"

"Yes. If they had put up a highly educated man, full of power, and preeminently qualified to perform the duties, you could have beaten him. But you can't beat Rufus."

"You think not?"

"Potter is probably less fit to direct public education than any man in the township. That fact seems to me to make his election almost certain."

"I know. That's the way it goes. But I am going to try, anyway."

"Very well. Do your best and I will stand by you, but don't expect victory."

Davis Cook rose and picked up his hat, intending to take his leave.

"Are you in a hurry, Davis?" asked Doctor Quelch.

"No."

"Sit down, then. Smoke a pipe. I should like to talk with you a little while."

Doctor Quelch gave to Cook a pipe and tobacco, and filling a pipe for himself the two began to smoke.

"Davis," said the doctor, "I want some information. You are a mechanic and an honest man; and you know you can trust me if you are willing to reveal some of the secrets of the brotherhood."

"Yes," said Davis. "I'll tell you anything I know. Tell you in a minute."

"Well, Davis, let me state the case. When I built this house there were thirteen flues upon the plan, heat-flues and smoke-flues. When the house was completed I found that every one of those flues was blocked with bricks and mortar. The men who constructed them, while constructing them, deliberately dropped brickbats and mortar and other stuff into them and made them useless. I have heard scores of other people say that the same thing was done with their houses. It is, in short, the universal practice. I infer that there is a motive. Now, Davis, I want to know what it is. Why does a man who takes the trouble to build a hole simultaneously choke it up?"

"I dunno," said Davis thoughtfully, puffing out the smoke, "but——"

"One moment," said the doctor. "Before you answer, let me say that this same rule appears to operate in all trades. If you have your shoes re-soled the shoemaker always leaves pegs inside, doesn't he?"

"Always," said Davis.

"Although he knows that you cannot wear shoes in that condition. When a painter comes up here to work, he never fails to fill the keyholes in the doors with paint, and to put upon the window sashes paint which will not dry for a year and which makes the sashes immovable. Isn't that so?"

"Exactly!" said Davis. "I never knowed it to fail."

"Davis, you made a mistake when you said you are not qualified for school director"

"I had steam-heat put into my house, and of course there is a water-gauge in the boiler in the cellar. For months I could never perceive any water in the gauge, and at last I had the thing torn out and I found that the workman, in finishing up his job, had driven a wooden plug into the pipe which should feed the gauge. Odd, wasn't it?"

"Not at all," said Davis. "That was as good a way as any of making trouble."

"Well, I told you that I intended to put expensive paper on the ceiling of the room beneath and asked you to make the pipes tight. Do you remember the bathroom?"

"Perfectly."

"And you remember, do you, that the pipes did not leak a drop for more than two weeks; but the moment the paper was on the ceiling underneath, and the paper-hangers had gone home, that very moment the pipes began to leak. Now, Davis, let me ask you, did you time it?"

"I wouldn't like to say that," said Davis, knocking the ashes from his pipe and refilling it. "Not just that, but the pipe was bound to leak sooner or later, and it was just a part of the general crookedness of things that it waited till the paper was ready."

"What is your theory about it, Davis?"

"Well," said Davis Cook, relighting his pipe and leaning back in his chair, "I'll tell you how it is, only I dunno as you will care to listen, for you have to go away back to get the start of the thing."

"Back to what?"

"Well, you see, things was built crooked in this world on purpose. There ain't nothing that was arranged to go exactly right. You know better than I do, doctor, that if we went sailing along through life smooth and pleasant, like drifting with the tide, we'd never amount to nothing; now, would we?"

"No."

"Very well, then; there's big troubles and there's little troubles. You may lose your money or your health or your relations, or you may not; but, anyhow, it'll rain on the day you fix for a picnic, or your train'll be late the day you particularly want to make a connection with another train, or you'll stub your toe so you can't walk just as you arrange for a pedestrian tour, or the rain'll come on hard when you've left home without your umbrella (did you ever notice that?), or a frightful bore'll drop in to see you just when you thought you'd like to be alone. It's always that way, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"You start out in life believing that you're going to have nearly perfect bliss, and lo and behold! there's something every day in the year and nearly every hour in the day to worry and annoy you. Now, why is it, doctor? Why is it?"

"What is *your* theory, Davis?"

"It's like this. Here we have, as the books say, evidence of design. The road of life was made rough on purpose. And why? Doctor, you know well enough. It was made so for our good."

"I have heard something like that before, I think," said the doctor.

"Of course! If things was always right, life would be too easy. We need discipline—discipline of adversity. It makes us strong to fight trouble. Our patience is tried, and so we know we have patience and we get more patience, and so forth. You know all about it."

"And you think the man who chokes a flue is appointed to help the thing along?"

"Certainly. Probably he never quite means to choke the flue. Some overpowering agency directs him, makes him careless, throws him off his guard. He plays his part in the great drama of life. The man who chokes the flue or fixes the pipe to leak is working to make men better. You might call him the Angel of Discipline."

"You think, then, that the whole matter is supernatural?"

"Well, I don't know as I quite call it that. It's just the way things is fixed. You try to toss a book on the table and it falls on the floor. If you tried to throw it on the floor it would have fell on the table. You go through your house in the dark and hold your arms straight in front of you, and an open door goes between your arms and you hit your nose. You could hardly steer straight enough in broad daylight to get the door into the space between your arms, but you do it *sure* in the dark. Out in the ocean you sail along for days and never see a sight of a ship. Let a fog come up and it's five chances to one you'll have a collision in two hours! No, I don't exactly say supernatural; them's just the lines on which the world is built. There ain't no intention that things'll go straight."

"Then it's your thought that a hidden power compelled you to fix the pipe in my bathroom so that it would leak?"

"Well, I don't want to shirk no responsibility, or to blame anybody else. But the fact is, I did my very best. I thought it was all tight and snug. But there had to be a hitch somewhere for your uplifting toward higher things, and so I s'pose my attention was called off, by some mysterious influence, from a weak place in the joint, and you had the benefit. You learned something more about self-control and the hollowness of life when the water came through on the ceiling paper. No doubt you are this very minute nearer Heaven because I inadvertently missed that tender place in the joint. It ought to have been added to my bill."

"Davis," said the doctor, rising and extending his hand, "you made a mistake when you said you are not qualified for school director. A mind like yours would be of incalculable value in that service. I thank you for your explanation. It is entirely satisfactory. Your bill would not have been satisfactory if it had been larger. The catastrophe to which you refer may have supplied an impulse to the higher life. Maybe so; but I shouldn't have been willing to have a cash valuation put upon the experience. Depend upon my vote and my influence in your campaign. Davis, I wish we had more men like you."

Then Davis shook hands with the doctor, went out, mounted his light wagon bearing the inscription, "Davis Cook, Plumbing & Gas-fitting; Wind-Mills & Pumps, Turley," and drove off to ask Major Gridley for his vote, while Doctor Quelch shut his office door and had a quiet laugh to himself.

The Affair of the Cachalot—A Tale of the Foreign Office

By Van Tassel Sutphen

"How good of you—is it the Seal itself?" she whispered eagerly

YOUNG Duckworth, private secretary to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, was a good deal of a fool; and, moreover, he was wildly in love. And yet even foolish young Duckworth paused and reflected, when Mrs. Carmichael (the object of his adoration) made that peculiar request of him—nothing else than that he should procure for her an impression of the Great Seal of the Georgian Confederacy.

It had been some months since Mrs. Carmichael had become the bright particular star in the young Duckworth firmament. He had run across her in the Museum of the Foreign Office—it contains, as you know, many valuable manuscripts and facsimiles of rare state papers, and if one is interested in that sort of thing the place is well worth a visit. It is hardly necessary to add that young Duckworth had only happened in by the merest chance that fateful afternoon.

There were a dozen other people in the room and yet it was young Duckworth to whom Mrs. Carmichael applied for some trifling bit of information on the subject of protocols. He could not help noticing what a remarkably pretty woman she was and he actually forgot that the chief was somewhat impatiently awaiting his return. It appeared that Mrs. Carmichael's particular hobby was seals, and she was enthusiastically interested in the waxen impressions attached to the old yellow parchments belonging to the Georgian state archives. On the earlier documents the seal was, of course, the royal one, Georgia being still a colony of the crown. Later, when the Provisional Government had been established, the royal seal had given place to the historic "Snake and Pine Tree," and this in turn had been superseded by the ridiculous "Whangdoodle," designed by Rumbold, who, as a portrait painter of fair ability, should have known better. The "Keystone" seal came next and it was not so bad, artistically speaking. But the busybodies were still unsatisfied, and so Winslow and French were afforded the opportunity to create their nameless atrocities. Finally, in the early fifties, the present Great Seal was adopted and it bids fair to hold its own. It is not a work of art by any means, but it might have been worse—oh, so very much worse. Mrs. Carmichael examined with prolonged attention the official impressions attached to the few modern documents that were thought worthy of being kept in the cases. She complained that the design was difficult to make out.

"Reminds you of the Man with the Hoe," she remarked at length. "Curious, but I don't remember ever having seen before a picture or engraving of the Great Seal. I should have supposed that it would be in all the schoolbooks."

Young Duckworth explained gravely that the use of the seal for other than official business was an act of high treason, and also that reproduction of its design in any form was forbidden—it was a misdemeanor, and was punishable by fine and imprisonment.

"The Man with the Hoe isn't such a bad guess, either," he went on. "The figure is supposed to typify the dignity of agricultural labor, but it might just as well represent me in my usual bunker at the Powhatan Golf Club. You see I have my niblick in hand. Funny, isn't it? But who cares or knows?"

The explanation apparently whetted Mrs. Carmichael's desire to add to her collection an impression of the Great Seal of the Georgian Confederacy. But she said nothing more at the time, and young Duckworth politely conducted her to his office and exhibited the heavy hand-made bond-paper which was always used for the formal diplomatic notes of the F. O. She was interested—immensely so—and, as it happened, young Duckworth did not take the trouble to count over the precious sheets after her departure. It was not until six months had passed that the shortage was discovered and then it had ceased to be of importance.

It was two days later, at a reception at the Soulian Ambassador's, that Mrs. Carmichael had made the extraordinary request already mentioned and that young Duckworth had actually stopped to consider. And yet on Friday of that same week he had joined her on the Mall and had taken advantage of the moment of salutation to slip into her hand a flat, round object about the size of a marmalade-jar cover. Her beautiful eyes flashed expressive gratitude and the package disappeared into her sable muff.

"How good of you—is it the Seal itself?" she whispered eagerly.

"Well, hardly," stammered young Duckworth confusedly. "It's a sort of a—er—replica, you know."

She held out her hand and young Duckworth bent over it. His face was flushed; he was conscious that he had done a questionable thing. But then he was very much in love and Mrs. Carmichael had a peculiarly insistent way about her.

"Who is Mrs. Carmichael?" Well, a good many persons had asked that question and no one had been able to answer it in a perfectly satisfactory way. But she seemed to know nice people and she managed, in some mysterious way, to get passed along from one to another, the natural ending being her final acceptance everywhere. Certainly, she entertained charmingly in her apartments at the Somerset and she had a perfect genius for the delicious messes that you concoct for yourself in a chafing-dish—the sort that taste so particularly good after a cold drive back from the theatre. Mrs. Carmichael did not approve of public restaurants—their extravagance, or perhaps it was the publicity involved.

Mr. Carmichael? Well, there was a gentleman of that name and he appeared to be a creditable figurehead for the establishment. He was popularly supposed to have immense business interests in the far North and he was frequently away from home for a week at a time. When he was in Wellington he speculated moderately on the Street and was popular with the inhabitants of that curiously constituted republic of finance. At his broker's office he was commonly called "the Commodore" and to his few intimates he was Jock. Finally, he was in love with his wife, but this last was a profound secret, even to the lady in question. Or knowing, she did not care, which is much the same thing.

There was still another member of this happy family—Mr. Muir, Mr. Robert Muir to be exact, and the brother of Mrs. Carmichael. "Rab" they called him, and people, unfamiliar with Scotticisms, were apt to misunderstand, particularly as Mr. Robert Muir had white hair and pinkish eyes. They imagined that the nickname was a contraction of rabbit and "the Rabbit" became the popular soubriquet of this the third member of the Carmichael household.

And yet "the Rabbit" was the brains of the trio. It was he who had engineered the minor deals in Jessup and Maidstone, and now that they were in Wellington they looked to him for the final stroke, the grand coup. He did get the idea at last and broached it cautiously to Jock and Evelyn. They hesitated a little naturally and then embraced it with ardor.

"It will be a killing," said "the Rabbit" thoughtfully, "and when it's over it will have to be up stakes and away for the other edge of the world."

"So much the better," answered Mrs. Carmichael. "These Wellingtonians do not amuse me; they take themselves so seriously."

"And so your chief won't be able to come to my river party," pouted Mrs. Carmichael. "How horrid of him!"

She and young Duckworth were standing in a secluded corner of the conservatories. The band was playing a final number and through the heavy hangings of the ballroom windows filtered rays of pale rose light—the coming dawn.

"He actually refuses," she exclaimed indignantly.

"He is going out of town," explained young Duckworth. "You see the Cachalot affair did get settled at last and the chief is leaving for the Southwest, Thursday night—the ten train."

"Cachalot?"

"Yes; the Cachalot fisheries. Cymria had to give in all along the line," and young Duckworth gurgled joyously.

"'Old Nobs' thinks himself pretty 'slim,' but the chief can give him cards and spades and little casino and then thrash him out of his boots."

"How nice," said Mrs. Carmichael vaguely. "'Nobs' is the Cymric Ambassador, isn't he?"

"Yes; and I'm supposed to be hard at it, drawing up the official note. It must go to him to-morrow night—only, by Jove! it's Wednesday morning now—to-night then."

Mrs. Carmichael arose suddenly. "I see Jock is looking this way," she said. "And everybody is going."

"I shall see you again—when?"

"On Thursday, if you like, at four. Good-by."

The infatuated youth tried to keep possession of that cool little hand, but its owner slipped away from him quite easily and was gone.

Mrs. Carmichael bloomed out like a rose after her cold bath—there was no time for sleep that Wednesday morning. Jock was inclined to be sulky, but Mrs. Carmichael made him a bracer with her own hands and he left for the Street in quite his usual spirits.

"If he will only keep straight for twenty-four hours," said Mrs. Carmichael, a trifle anxiously.

"No fear," returned "the Rabbit" confidently. "I let him hear the whip crack once or twice this morning and he knows that my eyes are everywhere. And now for work! Have you any real goose-quills on hand, or shall I send out for some?"

"Silly, isn't it?" replied the lady, upsetting a pen tray in her fruitless search. "As if diplomats couldn't be like ordinary people and use steel pens or even the typewriter. But here's one that will do and we'd better go into your den for peace and quiet. Anybody is liable to walk in on us here."

It was after two o'clock before "the Rabbit" expressed himself as satisfied with the result of their labors. A modest cutlet and salad were quickly dispatched and then Mrs. Carmichael betook herself contentedly to bed. Mr. Muir indulged only in a couple of yawns and a cigarette; he must go down town to see how Jock was getting along with his attack on consols.

"The Commodore" had been doing splendidly. Not a single drink and he had been selling Georgian consols all day long. The price had remained fairly steady, but the attack was beginning to attract some attention. What could be a surer thing than Georgian national bonds? The wheat crop was to be bigger than ever this year and there was not a cloud in the political sky. Even that troublesome Cachalot matter had been satisfactorily settled—at least, so the wise ones of the Street understood. Such news always leaks out first through private channels; by to-morrow morning it would be public property. The Cymric Ambassador was to receive the formal notice of agreement this, Wednesday, afternoon or evening. As a natural consequence consols ought to advance slightly.

It was against this favorable current that Jock Carmichael was pulling single-handed. His usually ruddy face had a touch of pallor as he told "the Rabbit" what he had done. "We're getting down to the bottom of the stocking," he said ruefully, "and it's an eternity to three o'clock. The last quotation was an eighth up."

"I've brought you the reserve," answered "the Rabbit" with the utmost coolness; "every dollar outside of the passage money, but don't use it in driblets. Wait until the pinch is inevitable and then give one good hard smash. Sure you understand? Well, I'm off."

A few minutes before three, Georgian consols hardened rapidly. "The Commodore" waited until the last moment—it was skillfully calculated—and then he delivered his smash. Consols weakened, wavered and finally closed a quarter below the highest of the day. It was a near thing, but Jock had succeeded in getting all his money up and in holding the market. Now that the strain was over, he wanted a drink badly, but even as he stood before the bar he hesitated. A fig for "the Rabbit" and his nasty tongue, but there was Evelyn and she was building high upon the chances of this adventure. So Jock Carmichael, to his own intense surprise, went home without his usual drink and reported progress.

It was at nine o'clock that evening when a uniformed messenger left the Foreign Office and drove away in what purported to be a department coupé. The driver had been given the address of the Cymric Ambassador on Exton Hill, but, curiously enough, the carriage, which at once started off at a rapid pace, did not take the direct route through Little York Street, but kept edging riverward. An hour later it was going, still at top speed, in an exactly opposite direction. The messenger returned to the Foreign Office on Saturday morning and reported for duty. He had no complaint to make about the treatment accorded him, except that he had not been allowed to deliver his message and he had now to return it to the Chief Clerk of the F. O. with all its seals intact. A remarkable episode this.

And yet at half after nine precisely, on that same Wednesday evening, a carriage did draw up at the big house on Exton Hill and a Georgian state messenger climbed the broad steps and touched the electric button. His Excellency, the Cymric Ambassador, received him in the library. As it happened, "Old Nobs" was alone that evening, not even an assistant secretary of legation being in sight.

The Ambassador took and opened the official-looking communication, with its imposing array of waxen seals. He

read it through twice and then deliberately turned it upside-down and apparently perused it for the third time. The action was expressive of mental perturbation, but it did not help solve the mystery. The whole thing was impossible, incredible! Yet there was the Great Seal of the Georgian Confederacy—the Ambassador fingered it absently

"But, good heavens!" and he started to his feet. The stiff, crackling sheet slipped from his grasp and fell under the table. He bent and tried to pick it up. Parker, the footman in attendance, stepped forward to assist him. Their heads bumped together and the Cymric Ambassador saw stars for one instant and nothing the next. When the darkness cleared away he was sitting in his chair and the ever-faithful Parker was at his side with the brandy bottle and a siphon. The note from the Georgian Minister of Foreign Affairs—but that had disappeared!

"Old Nobs" looked thoughtfully into vacancy for a minute or so.

"Order the brougham," he said shortly, and turned to mix his brandy and soda. It was a stiff one.

This was at half after nine on Wednesday evening, you remember, and it will be necessary to go back to the hour of seven that same night, when Mr. Robert Muir sent up his card to the Managing Editor of the Whirlwind and was shortly after shown into the presence of that gentleman. "The Rabbit" came to the point without unnecessary delay.

"It's about the Cachalot affair," he said.

Mr. Ezra Wimby, Managing Editor, smiled indulgently "The Whirlwind," he began pompously——

"Oh, I don't mean the Cachalot fisheries," interrupted Mr. Muir rudely. "Any fool knows about the settlement of that business. I am referring to the Cachalot, Georgian barkentine, John Lummis, master, and now cruising in the South Seas. The Marine Register and your own Ship News column will confirm these initial particulars."

"Well?"

Mr Muir drew his chair close to the editorial desk and allowed his voice to sink to an impressive semi-whisper.

"On November 3, just six weeks ago today, the Cachalot was overhauled by the Cymric cruiser, Gorgon, on suspicion of being engaged in a filibustering expedition. Captain Lummis showed that his papers were perfectly regular and dared the commander of the Gorgon to interfere with him The Cachalot was lying hove to directly under the cruiser's guns and—well, nobody knows just how it happened, but a twelve-inch rifle shell was discharged from the Gorgon's main battery. Captain Lummis and four of his crew were instantly killed, and fifteen minutes later the Cachalot had sunk beneath the waves."

"Sounds interesting," said Mr. Wimby cautiously. "And where did all this happen?"

"Fifty miles southeast of the island of Oa," returned "the Rabbit" promptly "There is no cable communication, as you know, nearer than the Messenger Group."

"Quite true," assented the Managing Editor musingly. "And the South Seas are a roomy place; plenty of chance there for queer things to happen. Island of Oa, eh?"

"You know it, perhaps," said Mr. Muir calmly.

"Not at all, but it's a good name for a red-ink extra—catches the eye a block off." He looked at "the Rabbit" searchingly and then went on: "The story has merit, Mr. Muir—you see that I speak with entire frankness—but some corroborative detail will be necessary. Very good, and now what compensation——"

"I have not concluded my confidences," said Mr. Muir with a deprecatory wave of the hand. "It is not a question of dollar marks, but of our national honor. Can you, speaking as man to man, assure me of your absolutely unselfish patriotism?"

Mr. Wimby was a portly gentleman, and at the sound of that magic last word he visibly puffed out

"The Whirlwind, sir, has a sworn circulation of a million a day. *I* consider that fact a sufficient answer."

"It is," returned Mr. Muir smoothly. "Listen, then." He arose and tried the door—it was shut tight. He tiptoed back

"The news was received through a confidential agent of the Foreign Office early yesterday morning. Well, you know what a firebrand our Dictator is, and Gregory, of the Foreign Affairs, is not a whit behind him. At a secret meeting of the Council this morning these two succeeded in forcing through an ultimatum which is to be delivered to the Cymric Ambassador to-night. According to its terms, Cymria must make an abject apology within twenty-four hours or Lord Porterhouse will be handed his passports."

"You surprise me," said Mr. Wimby rather weakly.

"That ultimatum must not reach the Cymric Amabssador," continued Mr. Muir earnestly. "At least, it must not remain in his possession. It means war!"

"War," repeated Mr. Wimby mechanically

"But if it can be held back or suppressed, the Dictator will have a chance to cool off; there will be opportunity for sober reflection, for deliberate judgment. You follow me?"

"Oh, surely," assented Mr. Wimby hurriedly.

"You have an agent in the Cymric Ambassador's employ?"

"Of course; the Whirlwind is everywhere, you know. Parker, one of our best men, is in personal attendance upon his lordship."

"Very good. Through his assistance I can obtain admission to the house and the rest is easy The note shall be placed in your hands for safe keeping and as an evidence of my good faith. You may expect me back a little after ten

Mr. Wimby escorted his visitor to the elevator and bade him good-by with deference that filled the office force with wonder. Then he sent for the night editor.

"Oh, good-evening, Foster. You can save over that double-headed cat story for Sunday and have everything clear for a rush later."

Then Mr. Wimby strode into the city room and summoned every available henchman.

It had been the easiest possible trick to obtain possession of the fatal document. "The Rabbit" had secured, through Parker, a temporary job as an extra doorman, and when "Old Nobs" dropped the letter under the table "the Rabbit" had only to pick it up and keep it. Half an hour later, the missing paper was lying on Mr. Wimby's desk and the Cymric Ambassador was driving madly to the residence of the Minister of Foreign Affairs. But just too late. Mr

—young Duckworth was obviously bored by the Ambassador's ill-timed visit

Gregory had left town for a fishing trip to the Southwest His destination had been left unknown.

"Old Nobs" endeavored, as was his duty, to interest young Duckworth in the matter, but that gentleman was obviously bored by the Ambassador's ill-timed visit, and of course the latter could not be too explicit with a subordinate

"Certainly, Lord Porterhouse; a note on the Cachalot affair was prepared and forwarded to you this evening, and we are awaiting your reply. It is the customary procedure, I believe. And now, if you will excuse me—an engagement at the club," and young Duckworth clattered away, leaving "Old Nobs" to drive gloomily homeward and hunt up the cipher clerk and code-book.

Thursday morning at ten o'clock and the stock market was about to open. A seething mass of men filled the Street in front of the Exchange from curb to curb. "War with Cymria" was on every tongue and every eye was fixed on the Whirlwind bulletin-board directly opposite. The story of the Cachalot affair had been well told by Mr. Wimby's bright young men and a broad hint had been given of the belligerent attitude of the Georgian administration.

It was a wild opening and Georgian consols dropped ten points, to 92, on the first quotation. The victory was in sight and Jock Carmichael, who had felt a sudden grip on his throat at that first click on the ticker, decided that he was entitled at last to that drink. He went out and got two, then several more. The price of consols continued to fall steadily

The Cyclone had been badly beaten on this Cachalot affair and it thirsted for revenge. In an early morning edition it pointed out several inconsistencies and even improbabilities in the Whirlwind story, but this exhibition of malice toward a successful rival only recoiled upon itself. It was a new reporter on the Cyclone staff who discovered that obscure but pregnant sentence, set in the smallest of type and hidden away in the Ship News column of the Whirlwind, a department which had a well-deserved reputation for its invariable accuracy. It read:

Signaled at Lower Bar, barkentine Cachalot (Ga.), Lummis, master; in ballast from Fort Lucas, December 9.

In a late edition, the Cyclone repeated these interesting words. Only now they were in big block letters and printed in carmine ink. Within fifteen minutes a dozen tugs were racing madly down the bay to reach and speak the Cachalot. The market rallied and sagged again while consols performed a war dance.

"Imprisonment and fine be hanged!" exclaimed the patriotic Mr. Wimby as he glanced at the Cyclone extra.

"And my own ship news, too! Damme! I'll show 'em what for. Let the facsimile page go, Jameson," he roared down the speaking tube. Ten minutes later the Street was reading the Georgian ultimatum delivered the night before to the Cymric Ambassador. It had been reported in facsimile, complete in every detail, including an excellent representation of the Great Seal of the Georgian Confederacy. Consols immediately fell to 51

"The Rabbit" had been trying to get Jock over the telephone, but had not succeeded. It had been understood between them that "the Commodore" should close out the deal at 65, which would net the conspirators an even profit of $5,000,000. The bonds were selling now at 59 and it was dangerous to hold on a moment longer. "The Rabbit" had been assisting Evelyn with the packing, but he dropped everything when he heard the boys calling the Cyclone extra and ran for a cab

On the way down he stopped an instant to buy a copy of the last Whirlwind extra, containing the facsimile of the purloined note. "Good for Wimby," he ejaculated grimly, "but the balloon is wobbling badly and this is the last pound of ballast. If it only gives us half an hour's more life!"

"Hawful news this morninik, sir," remarked young Duckworth's man as he handed his master his morning coffee.

"Anybody inquiring for me this morning?" asked young Duckworth, after a little pause

"There's four and twenty reporters down in the 'all, sir."

"Show 'em in," ordered young Duckworth

There was nothing much to explain. According to Mr. Duckwoth, the diplomatic note, published by the Whirlwind, was a forgery, and an impudent and clumsy one at that

"But the Great Seal of the Confederacy," objected the Whirlwind man

"My dear fellow," said young Duckworth languidly, "I admit that it's a tremendously gorgeous and impressive work of art, but nevertheless it's nothing more than the handicap medal for class D players that I won at the Powhatan Golf Club a week ago Saturday. Man with the niblick, you know."

"But how did it get mixed up with the Cachalot affair?" persisted the Whirlwind

"That is my business," returned young Duckworth, with real dignity. "Good-morning, gentlemen."

The interview with young Duckworth was being bulletined as Mr. Muir dashed up to Burlington & Co.'s office. In an inner room he found Jock stretched out sound asleep on a sofa and breathing heavily.

"Beast," snarled "the Rabbit." He tried to waken the unconscious man, but could not rouse him. The noise in the street grew louder and he ran to a window. A barouche was just passing, drawn by men instead of horses. In it sat a stout man of seafaring appearance, Master John Lummis of the barkentine Cachalot. A clerk in the outer office was reading the tape aloud.

Consols 72—80—101—104—⅝—⅞.

Mr. Robert Muir stepped back softly to the sofa and upset it, its occupant sliding to the floor in a heap. "The Rabbit" raised his heavy iron-shod walking stick, but Mrs. Carmichael's hand was on his arm

"We have just time to get the French boat," said she.

At four o'clock, young Duckworth called at the Somerset and inquired if Mrs. Carmichael had left any word for him.

The clerk handed him a small round package. On the outside was scrawled in pencil:

You have broken a woman's heart

"H'm!" sniffed the recipient of this reproachful message. "I doubt if she had any."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1728

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 173 years, except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728 and was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin, in whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1765 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company.

¶ The first thing an arrested anarchist demands is the protection of the law.

¶ The Chinese officials, in effusively thanking the invading troops for leaving the walls of the imperial palace intact, recall the street car company which thanked the thieving conductor for bringing the car back.

¶ American railways are hereafter to handle the imperial mails between Australia and Great Britain, having demonstrated their ability to save a week's time in transit Englishmen would not be much surprised now if a committee of hustling Americans should assume charge of the coronation ceremonies next summer.

¶ In the large cities of this country there are more than ten thousand children who cannot receive the benefits of the public schools because there are not enough buildings. Even Boston, the best equipped of American cities, needs twenty-seven more buildings. The showing in all cities this fall is worse than ever. The accommodations have not kept pace with the increase in population. It is a disgrace to us all, and, as usual, it has its explanation in politics. What our cities need are fewer office holders and more school-teachers

Our One Laggard State

OCTOBER is one of the very few months that are short on holidays, of which there are nearly a hundred of different sorts in State and Nation. With its thirty-one days and no special holidays—with one exception—it has more of its time devoted to work, in the United States, than any other month of the year, and if we could properly estimate the plans and new energies and great enterprises that follow the renewals of spirit and of purpose after the vacations of summer we should doubtless find that in its value to our country October is considerably more than a twelfth of the calendar.

In the little exception, however, there is special interest. Not counting Sundays or the Saturday half holidays, which are permanent institutions, the only holiday in the month is devoted to Nevada's celebration of Admission Day, for on October 31, 1864, Nevada was admitted as the twenty-third State of the Union.

It is now quite well established and generally recognized that Nevada owes its Statehood to the fact that the votes of two United States Senators were needed by the political exigencies acutely existing in that time of a great war. If this had not been so the chances are that Nevada would still be a Territory. In spite of the fact that in area it is the fourth largest [illegible] States and that it has twice the number of square miles that New York has it has been dropping off from year to year in population, and it has the unique distinction of being the only State or Territory that has not made large gains in each of the recent censuses. In 1870 it had 42,491 people; in 1880, 62,266; in 1890, 45,761; in 1900, 42,335.

It will be observed, however, that the decrease in the past ten years was not anything like so rapid as between 1880 and 1890. Nevada has attractions besides its minerals and there is no doubt that the time will come when its figures will take an upward turn. But at present we have the spectacle of a State of only 42,335 people and 10,236 votes—the number it cast for President last year—wielding the same numerical power in the higher branch of Congress as New York with its 6,000,000 people and its 1,600,000 votes. And by way of another contrast we have three great Territories—Arizona, with 122,931 people; New Mexico, with 195,310; Oklahoma, with 398,245—begging Congress to let them come into the Statehood which their populations and industries deserve.

To the right ambition there is a sky full of stars but no horizon.

The Right Sort of Charity

ONE of the finest manifestations of enlightened progress in the new century is the increase of the practical humanities. For many years the world has been dabbling in spasmodic charities and vainly trying to soothe its conscience by doing occasionally and badly what it should be doing systematically and well. There has been a hazy idea that free excursions in summer and free soup in winter ought to regenerate any young victim of an environment of poverty and start him on a career of virtue with a feeling of undying gratitude to his benefactors. He was expected to keep cool and happy all summer on a plate of ice cream and a piece of pie, and later in the year he was stuffed with turkey at Thanksgiving or at Christmas, receiving from the strange but joyful luxuries little that was more lasting than a nightmare. It is all very good so far as it goes, but it does not go far enough to keep the youngster from being as hungry as ever within twenty-four hours.

In the new philanthropy there is something more than an occasional opportunity for free gormandizing. The fact is recognized that if the boy is to be made a useful citizen he must have the attention that will not only get out of him the evils of his unfortunate life, but will drill into him the advantage and stimulus of character and ambition. A third of a century ago an American millionaire left a fortune for a home for poor boys, and the enterprise was planned on broad and high lines. The idea was to admit only promising, healthy youths to whom the opportunities of life were practically closed by poverty or parental misfortunes. For teachers no dried-up supernumeraries were selected, but to all the departments active, wide awake and enthusiastic scholars were appointed. The boys were housed under the best sanitary conditions; they were fed on wholesome food; they were given practical work in the open air, and they were made to live sensible lives. To-day the school has alumni of which any college might well be proud, for in the list are names known to the country at large: lawyers, doctors, editors, successful business men; and the instructive fact in their careers is their high sense of duty and honor.

In the new plans for aid the whole tendency is in a similar direction. If boys are to be made into good men the work is not a matter of hours or of days, but of years; not of a few spasms of beneficence, but of a steady course of discipline

Trifles kill more good men and women than do calamities.

A Danger That Has Passed

A QUARTER of a century ago the congestion of population in cities was the darkest cloud on the horizon of modern life. The social forces of the time acted as a huge compressor, packing more and ever more people into a rigidly limited area. The size of the cities could not substantially increase—the people had to be within horse-car distance of the places in which they earned their livings—and the only recourse seemed to be to pile story upon story of dark, unsanitary tenements. Philadelphia had still maintained the old tradition of the family home, but even there it seemed as if the tenement could not be kept out much longer

Rapid transit and the telephone have changed the whole outlook. The growth of cities is no longer alarming, for the cities are growing in extent even faster than in population, and such overcrowding as remains is largely a mere traditional survival. City and country are merging, and it will soon be impossible to tell where one ends and the other begins.

A city used to be a little black dot on the map. Now it is a great splotch. It used to be a small subdivision of a county. Now New York City contains four entire counties, and is overflowing into half a dozen more, in two States. With the present facilities for transportation a man may readily live thirty miles from his business. A city with a radius of thirty miles would cover 2827 square miles—more than twice the area of the State of Rhode Island. It could contain ten million people and be no more crowded than a country village. It could contain a hundred millions and be less crowded than New York was twenty-five years ago. The entire present population of the United States could be accommodated with the greatest comfort in one such city, and the entire population a century hence could be accommodated in half a dozen.

This is without resorting to any of the means of concentration imagined by Mr. H. G. Wells—vast beehives, with tier upon tier of apartments, inhabited by swarming multitudes In a city of thirty miles radius a hundred million people could live with a separate semi-detached house on a comfortable lot for every family

And a thirty-mile radius, of course, is not the limit. It is only the beginning. It is only what a proper organization of the transportation business would put within our reach to-day without a single new invention. Rapid transit at a hundred miles an hour is plainly in sight, and that means cities of a hundred miles radius, or over 31,000 square miles. It means the coalescence of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, or in other words, the complete obliteration of the line between city and country and between one city and another. Most of us may live to see the time when the terms "urban" and "rural" shall have become obsolete, and all life will be suburban

Man's enemies are like green apples. Outside they do little harm, but as soon as they are within the troubles begin.

The Government We Live Under

THERE is always a peril in isolating a body of people from the current and movement of social opinion around them. Every small sect exists with injury to its members through such isolation. It becomes a focus of whimsical and fantastic ideas, which have no basis in reality. The same result is seen in small political factions, gathered around some specialty of reform, whether this be the Single Tax, or Socialism, or any other idea for which the people at large "have no use." Whatever the truth of the theory at stake, there is in the minds of its advocates a lack of social perspective which works harm, and may end in making them fanatics.

Anarchism is but an extreme instance of this. At the outset it is nothing more than a conviction that the world has outlived and outgrown government, and would gain by abolishing it as a public and general authority, leaving every man, who thinks he needs to be governed, free to unite with others of the same mind, and to set up the kind they want, just as people do with churches. Sometimes the main conclusion is reached, as in the case of the Russian and the Italian anarchists, from experience of oppressive governments, which take much and give little in return. Sometimes it is reached from theorizing on the subject, starting from such maxims as "He governs best who governs least." In either case the anarchist comes to fix his attention on the real and supposed wrongs of our governmental systems and methods until he can see nothing else. And the inference is easy to him that mankind are groaning under a weight of oppression, which they would be glad to have lifted from them

The perspective is thus lost, and a single group of facts comes to fill up all the foreground of the mind. It is not seen that for the vast majority of mankind government does not exist as a restraint, but as an organ of society for public uses Very few are they who ever feel the weight of the law's hand, or enter a court of justice except as mere spectators. Law commands the obedience of most men through their whole lives, because they share in the public opinion which created it. It is "part of themselves, just a little projected." Their only quarrel about it is not seeing it rigorously enforced. To abolish government would be to cramp the expression of their natures, and to abolish an agency by which their lives are broadened and their interests widened.

The anarchist equally misses seeing that the worst government, even that of the Czar, is beneficent in most of its activity, working for the peace of the community, for free communication between all parts of the country, for the education of the young, for the encouragement of industry, and for the maintenance of the national honor. In America we are very free in criticising our municipal governments as those in which the national spirit has found the least expression, and in which abuses most thrive. But those governments actually serve most of the great objects for which government exists. The peace is kept in New York, Chicago and Philadelphia, and life and person are safer than in cities of the Old World of the same size or larger. The health of the community is safeguarded with vigor and intelligence. The education of the rising generation is cared for with increasing efficiency. Vice is kept from making public and demoralizing displays, if it is not put down by law, as some people seem to think it might be. The family, the social reunion, the church, and other social units are properly protected. The government which achieves this is not a combination of bandits, whatever its faults and whatever the need for its reform

The murderer of our President seems to have expected that his deed would usher in social chaos, especially as it occurred during a great struggle between Capital and Labor. It did not and could not do so because we all see the facts in a truer perspective than does the anarchist.

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Men & Women of the Hour

Mr. Dawes and the Band Wagon

Mr. Charles G. Dawes
PHOTO. BY PACH, WASHINGTON, D. C.

ONE evening, some weeks ago, a crowd around a shooting gallery on Pennsylvania Avenue, in Washington, attracted attention. It was learned that Mr. Charles G. Dawes, then Comptroller of the Currency, had been shooting for fifteen minutes and ringing the gong in the centre of the target with every shot. In his early Western experiences he had become a crack marksman and this was his way of keeping in practice.

When he had passed out the owner of the gallery was asked if he knew who had been giving his establishment such an unusual exhibition of skill.

"Don't know," said the man, cleaning his guns.

"Well," said the questioner, "that was the Comptroller of the Currency."

"Is that all!" was the answering comment. "I thought he was one of Buffalo Bill's Wild West experts."

"But he's going to run for United States Senator," put in a bystander.

The shooting gallery man brightened. "I bet he makes a ten-strike," said he.

A few evenings later Secretary Gage was entertaining a musician at his suburban home at Woodley, in the environs of Washington. Various classic masterpieces were presented. In a pause in the entertainment a guest suggested that, if the Secretary only had a shooting gallery, Mr. Dawes, who was among the company, could play the Chimes of Normandy on target bells.

A professional musician present, overhearing the latter part of the comment, turned to Mr. Dawes and asked him if he played on the piano. He confessed that he could. Instantly there was insistent demand that he favor them. The Comptroller, responding, surprised even his most intimate friends with his knowledge of music and his power.

"Why, Dawes simply walked that piano upstairs and down again!" said one enthusiastic guest.

"To what school of music do you belong?" he was asked.

"I don't pretend to be a musician," replied Mr. Dawes deprecatingly. "I'm only a layman, a dilettante, you know, who has picked up a few things." And then he added: "You see, I got on to a few ideas in harmony by following the Band Wagon."

Mr. Cortelyou's Tactfulness

Mr. George B. Cortelyou
PHOTO. BY PACH, WASHINGTON, D. C.

THROUGHOUT his career as Secretary to the late President, Mr. George B. Cortelyou enjoyed the reputation of never having made a *faux pas*. His position demanded rare grace and diplomacy, and he was equal to every emergency. Frequently men of varying degrees of title and influence would be waiting at the same time to see the President, but Mr. Cortelyou with fine tact never made the lesser light feel embarrassed in the presence of greater luminaries. On one occasion a representative of an obscure newspaper, who had traveled several hundred miles to see the Chief Executive, was engaged in conversation with Mr. Cortelyou when a distinguished Admiral came in. Instead of dropping the untitled newspaper man unceremoniously, Mr. Cortelyou detained him a moment in talk, and then going over to the naval man said: "You have come at a most opportune time, Mr. Admiral, for the President wishes to see you, and the only one ahead of you is this young gentleman across the room who has come a long distance and is anxious to catch a train home, and we shall therefore not keep you waiting more than a few minutes." The Admiral was pleased, so was the newspaper man, and what in less skilled hands might have been an awkward situation was made the basis of good feeling all round.

Some months ago a young woman artist of Washington was piloting friends around the capital. Coming to the White House they found it closed on account of repairing in progress. To the stern guardian at the door the artist said:

"Take my card in to Mr. Cortelyou and tell him that a company of Bohemians insist on seeing the White House, repairs or no repairs."

Mr. Cortelyou responded in person and smilingly greeted the visitors. "Had I resisted such a demand," he said amiably, "you Bohemians might have gone away and spread the report that the White House is the headquarters of Philistia. So come in and see what the carpenters and plasterers are doing." Thereupon he showed them through the building, got them the President's autograph, and sent them on their way rejoicing.

The late President selected Mr. Cortelyou to be his secretary, it is said, because of the latter's high personal qualities and his rare abilities for executive work. When Mr. McKinley was a Congressman, Mr. Cortelyou was a clerk in the Federal Post-office. Frequently Mr. McKinley had occasion to compile statistics of that branch of the Government, and he found that Mr. Cortelyou not only had the ability to aid him, but would spare himself no pains to secure the data wanted, and that he displayed love of absolute accuracy and completeness.

Those acts of courteous service paved the way for the honors conferred upon him when the Congressman was elevated to the illustrious post of ruler of the nation.

The Kindness of Doctor Rixey

Dr. Presley M. Rixey
PHOTO. BY GUTEKUNST, WASHINGTON, D. C.

DR. PRESLEY M. RIXEY, a medical inspector in the United States Navy, and physician to the late President and his family, was selected for the latter position to succeed General Leonard Wood when he went to Cuba as Colonel of the Rough Riders. His brother-officers speak highly of Doctor Rixey's professional ability, but are, if possible, even warmer in their praise of his uniform courtesy and kindness of manner. He is recognized as an officer of unusual executive ability, jealous for the traditions of the medical service and yet particularly gracious to younger physicians just entering upon their career.

"I shall never forget the first time I saw the Doctor," said Dr. F. S. Nash, of Washington. "It was in 1877, while he was stationed at the Norfolk Navy Yard. I was a beardless youth, and had never seen a ship or met a naval officer. Having passed my examinations and received my certificate as a surgeon, I was ordered to report for duty on board the United States Receiving-ship Franklin, then lying at Norfolk. After learning how to get aboard the vessel, I sent my baggage to the launch which plied between the wharf and the ship, and then took my seat in the launch, ignorant of the fact that even the seats in that little boat were subject to naval rules. There were a number of officers in the boat, but none of them paid the least attention to me. I was lonesome, and felt like whistling to keep up my courage, and the future did not look very bright just at that time. In a few moments, however, an officer approached me, introducing himself as Doctor Rixey, and asked if I were not Doctor Nash. His genial yet dignified manner put me at ease at once. He introduced me to some of the other officers and on reaching the ship presented me to her commander, and by quiet and unobtrusive attention smoothed the way for my first plunge into naval life. He kindly instructed me as to my duties, and his conduct made the deeper impression upon me as it was in contrast with that of some others.

"This refinement, quiet dignity and consideration for others is the reason why, when it became necessary to inform Mrs. McKinley of the grave condition of her devoted husband, Doctor Rixey was selected to perform that painful duty, and his manner no doubt aided Mrs. McKinley in bearing up so bravely under the shock which might well have crushed a stronger person."

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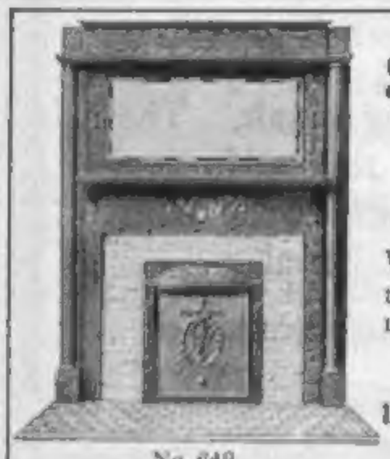

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Thompson's Progress

(Continued from Page 8)

Colonel Emmott's retreat in the mountains. The Kuklux organization had proved useful in so far that it had picked up its chief and his wife and guest after their passage of the French Broad, and had handed them along from house to cabin, and from cabin to camp—along the rough trails of the Western North Carolina woods. They brought up finally in the domicile belonging to one Colonel Swanlee, a mutinous Southern gentleman, who for the maintenance of his revenue ran a moonlight whisky still; and it was here that the rear-guard joined them.

They had recaptured the hard-mouthed horse with the bullet-clipped ear, and had ridden this veteran, turn and tie, on the trail of their friends, and it happened that John Emmott was the first to come up with their hiding-place, and so got in the first word. He was not sparing with the color. It had occurred to him many times within that last five days that but for Tom's strategy, and Tom's pluck, and Tom's strength, he, John Emmott, at any rate, would not have been able to enjoy the hospitality of Colonel Swanlee's whisky mill, and he was not ashamed of being openly grateful. Being, moreover, a man without the smallest jealousy, he was not in the least ashamed of lauding Tom up to the skies for the benefit of all and sundry who listened, and for the especial behoof of Miss Mary Norreys. So that when that hero himself arrived, very hot, and very dusty, and very tired, he found the lady looking upon him with a certain something in her eyes which sent him very nearly light-headed with happiness.

They sat down to a supper of bacon, and heavy corn bread, and imitation coffee, which seemed to Tom just then an epicurean feast. And afterward, when Colonel Swanlee brought out a demijohn of corn whisky, potent enough to bite the bark off a tree, and with the guarantee that it had never paid the North a nickel, poor Tom had to forego the luxury of a tot, as he felt quite drunk on Mary's looks already.

But he made, then, what the girl afterward described as the one most miserable mistake of his life. There was an interval after the meal in which the men adjourned to smoke their cob pipes on the stumps of the tiny clearing, and the women-folk stayed behind (after the mountain custom) to give attention to the domestic offices. Afterward, if eyes as true as hers could be read, Tom felt that Mary would come alone with him down one of the trails and give the answer he so longed for to the question he so dearly wished to put.

In the meanwhile, however, the courtly Colonel Swanlee, like some evil old sprite, must needs show the perfection of the abominable Kuklux organization. "My friends, sir, in Asheville, knowing that you were in some trouble with the dirty Northerners, took the liberty of applying for your mail. We have our interests in the post-office as elsewhere. I trust, sir, you will find your correspondence all intact, and its contents to your taste."

Tom was in no mood for letter-reading just then, and glanced them over with but slender interest. But seeing one address in Hophni Asquith's handwriting, shaky in outline, and marked "Immediate," he tore the envelope, and presently was conscious of a feeling of deathly sickness:

Firms going down right and left—tried all I knew—then health went—still struggled on from sick-bed—unconscious or delirious for whole week—Louisa pulled me through. God bless her—doctors say very near thing—shattered now—on that Black Thursday; but could have done nothing even if I had been there——— Too ill to make even a guess at our assets—of course everything will have to be sold up, yours and mine——— Terrible for Louisa and the children. Oh, thank God, Tom; thank God, old lad, you never married.

The words danced and swam in a sickly scum before poor Tom's eyes, and his head rang with the shock of it. So near to what his heart wanted, and then that this unthought-of blow should come! It was the most fiendish of cruelty. The money? Bah, that was nothing. He could soon make some more. The position and the credit? A few years would soon restore those. But he had nothing to offer now—and he was an honorable man. He could ask no woman for her hand till the stigma of this bankruptcy was taken away.

He got up from the stump and wearily staggered away down one of the trails through the woods. A few minutes ago he was treading on air; his soul was bursting his ribs with its bigness. Now he blundered

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along, weary-footed, and with shoulders bent. Night had fallen, full of mystery and odor, and the moon rode high. The crickets and the tree-frogs and the katydids chattered amongst the branches.

The dew stood in diamonds on the ferns, and the purple shadows danced languorously. But he neither saw nor heard any of it. Where he was going he did not know, neither did he care. All the brightness was gone out of his world, and the primitive man in him came out, and he instinctively drifted toward the deep woods to find a hiding-place.

Footsteps came after him, light footsteps which crunched the dead leaves daintily, as though anxious to draw attention to themselves. He heard nothing. Presently Mary Norreys came up from behind and laid gentle fingers upon his arm. He looked down at her heavily. "Ah," he said; "you?"

"You did not wait for me?"

"No."

"They told me you had a letter which seemed to carry bad news."

"Yes."

"I had a letter from Bradford. I can guess what has happened."

"Yes."

"It seems to have been very bad for every one in Bradford. They call it Black Thursday."

"Yes," he said dully. "Black Thursday: good name, isn't it? It's Thursday to-day, too. I should like to call this Black Thursday also. It's late, isn't it? I think you had better go back. Good-by."

She moistened her lips. "Have you nothing more to say to me?"

"No, nothing that I know of."

"I thought you had—earlier—just when you came back—before you read that letter."

"No," he said painfully, "it was a mistake. I was pleased to see you again, that's all."

"I'm not greedy after money, if that's what you think."

"No. I know you wouldn't be. But I can't say anything more, that's all. I must go now, please. I must go back to business. I must go and begin again, I mean."

"I understand. I wish you would have said more, but you won't. I know why, and I honor you for it, Tom. You must let me know how you succeed, and I hope you will find success soon again."

"Yes—I will let you know—when I have made success again—if you are still——"

"I shall be still Mary Norreys, if that will help you."

"Dear," said Tom, "I will take no promise from you; not even that."

He knelt for a moment and put his lips to her dress, and a drowsing squirrel in a live-oak above opened her eyes and watched him. Then he arose to his feet and ran violently away down the trail as though some heavy temptation hung behind his heels.

As for Mary Norreys, she threw herself down amongst the ferns and wept as though her world had ended.

Electrical Treasure-Finders

MAGICAL devices for discovering deposits of precious metal are out of fashion nowadays. Their place has been taken by various contrivances of a more or less scientific nature, by means of which masses of gold and silver, or rich lodes, may be located. Most of these forms of apparatus are electrical.

One of them has two long and sharp iron staffs, which, being held apart at a distance of a couple of feet, are thrust down into the earth. Attached to them are a small battery and a telegraph key. If the ends of both of the staffs come into contact with a mass of metallic ore, the current readily passes between them, and a pressure of the key above ground completes the circuit, and causes a bell to ring. Another inventor combines the two staffs in one, separating them only by an insulator.

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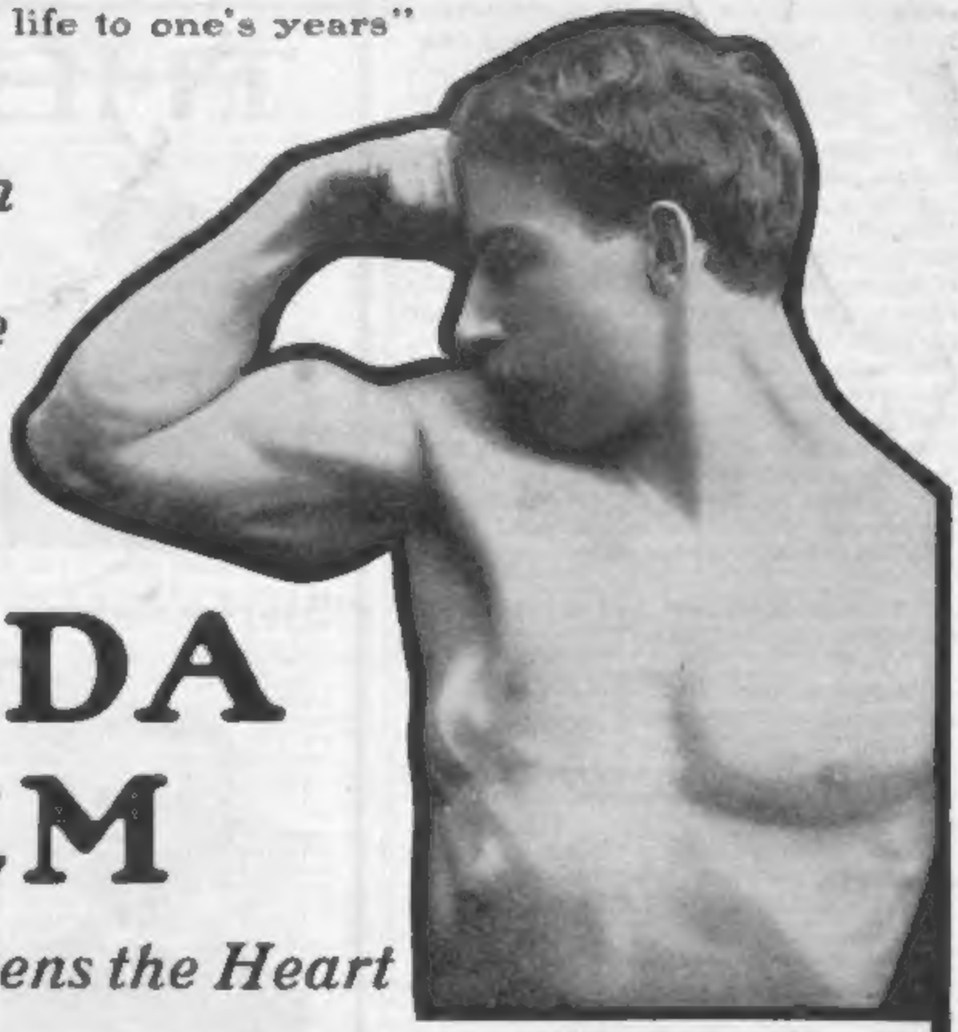

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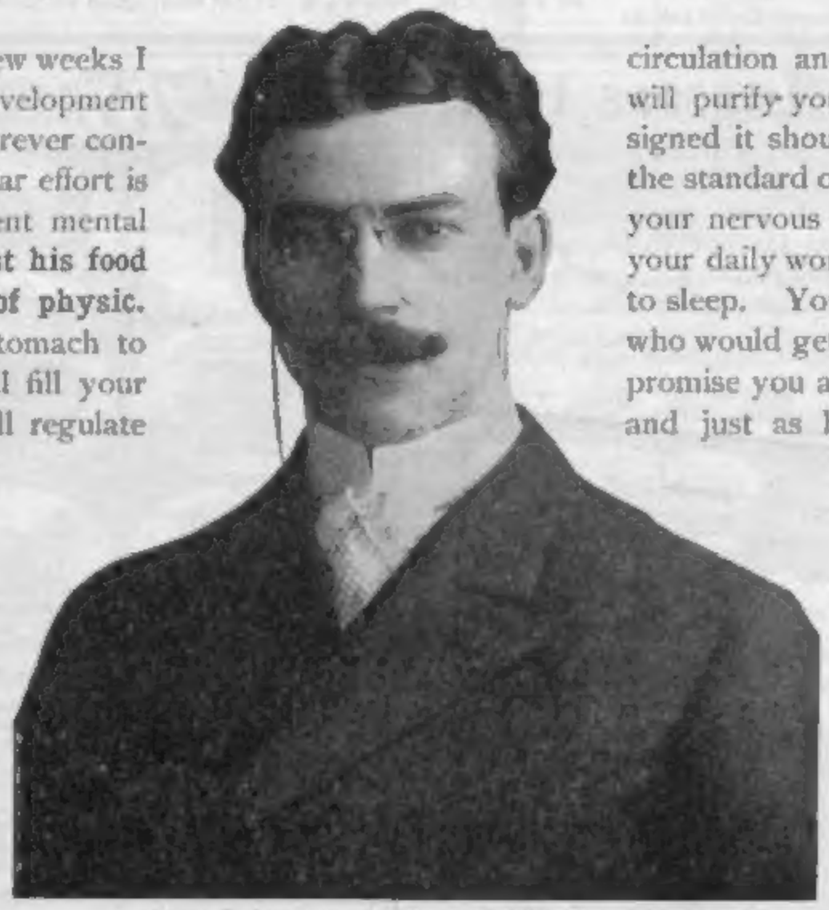
I am teaching intelligent men, brain workers, the ideal principles of attaining and preserving perfect health. It is not a problematical theory, but a system of physiological exercise based upon absolutely correct scientific facts.

And if you will follow my instructions for a few weeks I will promise you such a superb muscular development and such a degree of vigorous health as to forever convince you that intelligent direction of muscular effort is just as essential to success in life as intelligent mental effort. **No pupil of mine will need to digest his food with pepsin nor assist nature with a dose of physic.** I will give you an appetite and a strong stomach to take care of it; a digestive system that will fill your veins with rich blood; a strong heart that will regulate circulation and improve assimilation; a pair of lungs that will purify your blood; a liver that will work as nature designed it should; a set of nerves that will keep you up to the standard of physical and mental energy. I will increase your nervous force and capacity for mental labor, making your daily work a pleasure. You will sleep as a man ought to sleep. You will start the day as a mental worker must who would get the best of which his brain is capable. I can promise you all of this because it is common-sense, rational and just as logical as that study improves the intellect.

Among the pupils registered upon my books are many of the most prominent men and women of this country—College Professors, Authors, Artists, Financiers, Merchants, Manufacturers, and professional men and women in all lines. The ages of my pupils range from fifteen to eighty-six, and because of their varying physical condition and needs, individual instructions are given in each case.



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By this condensed system more exercise and benefit can be obtained in ten minutes than by any other in two hours, and it is the only one which does not overtax the heart. It is the only natural, easy and speedy method for obtaining perfect health, physical development and elasticity of mind and body.

A FEW SINCERE ENDORSEMENTS FROM PUPILS

It gives me much pleasure to present the following letters. Ones similar in tone come to me every day.

Newton, N. J., June 13, 1901.

Mr. A. P. Swoboda, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir: It is now about ten weeks since I commenced taking instructions from you and I feel it is due you that I should express myself as to the results attained. I cannot do otherwise than speak favorably of your system of exercise, as having followed your instructions closely for the past ten weeks, I can say they have produced great results; when I commenced taking the course, none of my muscles were developed—in fact, I hardly knew I had any, but in comparing measurements taken now with those taken before I commenced the course, I find an increase in all measurements from one to three inches. My health is good and I feel strong in every way. It gives me great pleasure to recommend your system of exercises, as they produce just such results as you claim and as others can attest who have followed your instructions. Wishing you success, I remain,

Truly yours,

(Signed) J. E. WARBASSE,

Sec'y H. W. Merriam Shoe Co.

Omaha, Neb., March 15, 1901.

Mr. Alois P. Swoboda.

My Dear Sir: I can with pleasure recommend your system of physiological exercise. It has put me in the most perfect physical condition, enabling me to withstand all the natural wear and tear of work without either physical or mental fatigue. Most professional men need your system and there is not one who would not be benefited by its use. I believe such physical training as you teach to be the only true system. Most exercise becomes a burden after a short time; there is a fascination about your system which distinguishes it from every other form of physical training. I am glad to know of your success; it cannot be too great.

I am, gratefully yours,

CHAS. L. DUNDY,

Attorney Union Pacific R. R.

Louisville, Ky., January 22, 1901.

Mr. Alois P. Swoboda, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir: I am glad an opportunity has been given me to add my testimonial to many good ones you already have in regard to the merit of your system of physiological exercise. In two months' time, by conscientiously following the exercises outlined by you, my muscles have been developed to a remarkable degree, as also has my general health been improved. I appreciate very much the individual attention which you gave my case, and will say that if there is anybody in this section desiring any information in reference to your system, refer them to me, and I shall take pleasure in recommending your exercises in the highest degree. Wishing you success, and again thanking you for the benefit I have derived from your system, I am,

Yours respectfully,

(Signed) F. M. LOSEY,

Sec'y and Treas. National Foundry and Machine Co.

Kansas City, Mo., December 22, 1900.

Mr. Alois P. Swoboda, Chicago, Ill.

My Dear Mr. Swoboda: Although it is less than two months since I first commenced work at your system of physiological exercise I am most thoroughly convinced that your system is a decided success. A comparative statement of my measurements will show you what I have accomplished in the short period of less than two months.

MEASUREMENTS:

	At beginning.	In 60 days.
Chest normal	33	38½
" contracted	31½	31¾
" expanded	34½	39½
Waist	29	29
Neck	13½	14
Biceps	10¾	13½
Forearm	9⅞	10¾
Weight	137	150
Height	5 8½	5 8½

In addition to this large increased muscular development my general health is decidedly improved. Thanking you for what you have done for me, and with best wishes for your continued success, I am, very sincerely,

T. O. JENNINGS,

Contracting Freight Agent.

My system is taught by mail only and with perfect success, requires no apparatus whatever, and but a few minutes' time in your room just before retiring.

I shall be pleased to send you valuable information and a detailed outline of my system, its principles and effects, together with testimonial letters from pupils.

ALOIS P. SWOBODA, 389 WESTERN BOOK BUILDING, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS